

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

JULY 1990

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N



SEXUAL JEALOUSY:
CAN YOU HANDLE IT?

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Peter Jackson 30's.

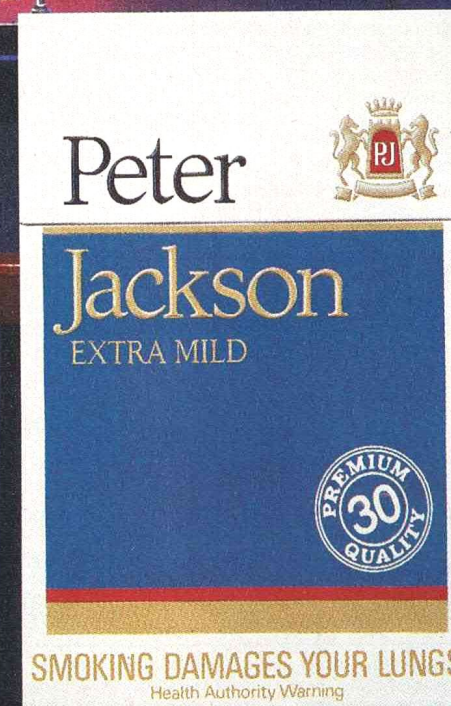
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The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 11 No 7/July 1990 Black Label Edition

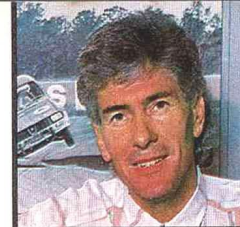


Cover by Nick Brokensha

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PETER MCKAY



AMANDA UPTON



GLENN A. BAKER



BILL LEAK



STUDIO DOOR 34

HOUSECALL

BLOOD SIMPLE

DNA profiling is the biggest leap forward in forensic science since fingerprinting, and no-one doubts that it's going to make things awfully tough for the bad guys. But what about the privacy of Joe and Jill Average? Crime reporter Linda Carter points out that while we have a genetic code, we have nothing that resembles a genetic code of ethics. Her disturbing article begins on page 34 with an illustration by Nigel Buchanan.

THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME

Paranoia is setting in among the rock glitterati. Seems the quickest way for a talentless bum to make a buck in the music business is to file a lawsuit claiming that his own composition was ripped off by a megastar. In the States the schmucks and their shyster lawyers are making a killing out of it, writes rock guru Glenn A. Baker on page 48. The art was produced by Studio Door 34.

CAR SHARP

The only thing you can be sure about a used car is that somebody else doesn't want it. There ought to be a message there. But if you have to buy someone else's problems, you should check out Ren's hilarious primer on translating used car bullshit. Bill Leak contributed the illustration on page 56.

TECH SWEAT

In the Seventies it was Nautilus machines; in the Eighties, Universal weight systems. Get used to hearing about Lifecycles, Lifesteps and Star Tracs — the all singin' and dancin' computerised and hermetically sealed gym equipment for the Nineties. Scott Jones presents a guided tour of the suburban gym of the near future on page 74, aided by the photography of Antony Potts.

THE ADVENTURES OF RAPEMAN, BASTARD & FRIENDS

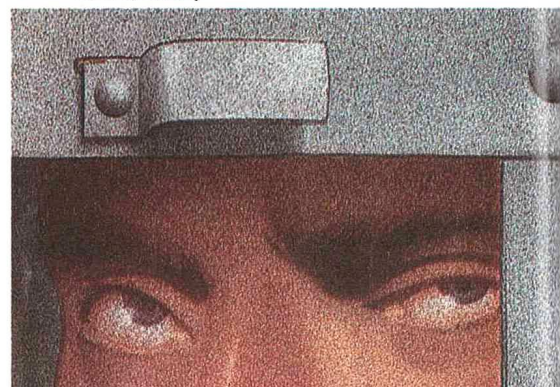
In the Japanese version of comic books, ten-year-old boys try to seduce older women, dinosaurs roam around thinking human thoughts and one of the mighty superheroes is a professional rapist, accordingly named Rapeman, whose stories always feature happy endings. Is this why the Japs lost the war? Howard Houck isn't sure, but on page 88, presented for the first time in Australia, in a spirit of goodwill and mutual understanding... The Translated Adventures Of The Rapeman.

BOY RACERS

For a touch over \$500 you can find out exactly what it feels like to drive a Formula Ford racecar at Oran Park Raceway. Together with all the business types clamoring to hit the pressure release valve and the boy racers with petrol in their heads and stars in their eyes, Motoring Editor Peter McKay went along for the ride. His report, with Graham Monro's photos, is on page 104.

MATES

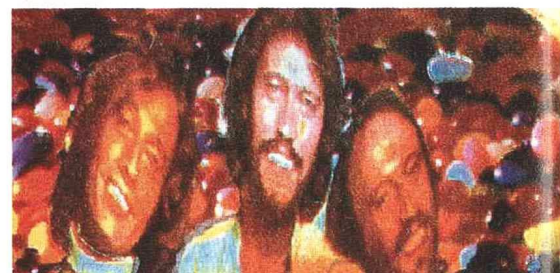
Brad would have died out there — the desert would've got him — and Spoof was his best mate. And you never let your mates down. A superb piece of Australian fiction by Lee Frank, illustrated by Amanda Upton, Mates begins on page 52.



Blood Simple



Pet Of The Month



The Song Remains The Same



The Adventures Of Rapeman, Bastard & Friends



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JULY

feedback

Leave our Meter Maids alone

I'm not averse to beautiful female bodies, and as such have been a regular reader of your magazine for years, but I had to draw the line at your Gold Coast Meter Maids pictorial (April 1990). As a Gold Coast resident, the last thing I or any other red-blooded fellow resident needs is a flood of slick southerners descending upon what is, after all, *our* territory.

We already have enough trouble with traffic congestion as it is. After your presumptuous pictorial we'll be lucky to be able to drive down the street, let alone park there.

One more thing: do the lovely ladies, Roberta and Melinda, know quite what they've let themselves in for? It's all right being alluring when the bees you'll be attracting are of the tanned, well-honed variety, but will they be so pleased to find a whole swarm of bloated, pallid, out-of-town wasps buzzing about their well-shaped rears? I think not. — J. Upton, *Surfers Paradise, Qld*



Roberta and Melinda . . . hands off

scriber issue features Forum, so why not get your *Penthouse* through the mail? — Ed

Share and share alike

After reading a three-year-old edition of *Penthouse*, I rushed out and bought your March edition. Being one of the fairer sex, I was greatly disappointed to find you don't have Forum in all your Australian editions.

The experiences and fantasies of others provide great reading and some wonderful new ideas. After all, variety is the spice of life and women can get just as bored as men. I've been with my husband for eight years and we've just come through our first sexual "go slow."

Thanks to various erotic fiction and old *Penthouse* editions, our love life is once more just as good as when we met. After having children most women are very envious of your girls' fabulous figures, and hate the thought of their husbands looking at them. But if, like us, a husband and wife can share your mag, it can create some wonderful moments.

Why not ask your readers to send in their fantasies? I'm sure it would make great reading, as most people have at least one. I know I have a few! — Nicole, *Ballan, Vic*

Differing state censorship laws prevent us from publishing Forum reader letters in all states. However, the Black Label sub-

Disgusted

I am writing to register my disgust at your inclusion of the column entitled Chatterboxes in the April issue. I am sure many of your readers are interested in knowing what women talk about, but they didn't find out in that column. Not only was this piece of mindless drivel misleading for your male readers it was offensive to your growing number of female readers. Lift your game. — Ms A. Roberts, *Annandale, NSW*

Curly question

I have been reading *Penthouse* since way back when only the American edition was available here. These days I find the Black Label Edition of *Australian Penthouse* makes for excellent reading — all the more for its Oz content.

I originally subscribed to *Penthouse* for its Black Label policy of showing male/female pictorials but I find these too few and far between. More, please? I'm not so keen on the female/female shoots — they make me feel redundant.

I like the idea of the comic strip, but maybe it could be more sexy. The introduction of Modern Male Dilemmas is also a good move and not before time. The fiction, too, is really first class.

One problem . . . up here in the Sunshine State the damned covers keep curling up. Do you use bananas in the paper on our behalf? Keep the great work coming. — d'A. E. White, *Rosedale, Qld*

Thanks for your wealth of comment. As to the problem with the covers, we've got the boffins working on it. — Ed

Mad about Michelle

I'm a young buyer who has only recently come to appreciate the joys of *Australian Penthouse*. For some time I have been meaning to put my feelings on paper and your March centrefold Michelle Gray presented me with the perfect opportunity. Mechanically-minded Michelle can check out my motor any time she feels that urge for freedom and control. Honestly, where do you get them? Please pass on my thanks to photographer Suzie Sauvage, not just for the March cover and centrefold but for all her work, which never fails to impress. — Name and address withheld

Too hot to handle

As an infrequent reader of *Penthouse* I was surprised to see so many good articles in the March edition, but cannot see why I got stuck with a Queensland edition purchased in Tweed Heads, NSW. I know it's a Queensland edition because of the Practitioner section and the toned down pictorials.

The reason I am really writing is to obtain more information on BAKOS (Lethal Weapon, March 1990). Unfortunately the still picture can't hope to show the mastery of Brian Ellison's Art of Knives on String, axes, sickles, scorpion balls and so on. As *Mad Max III* isn't available on video here, the only alternative is to see the man himself.

I would appreciate it greatly if you could pass a copy of this letter on to Brian or alternatively give me his address and I'll write to him myself. — S. Sheppard, *Brisbane, Qld*

As was mentioned in the article, Brian Ellison's great fear is that someone out there will be silly enough to try and emulate his art. It's just too dangerous to be mucked around with. Accordingly, no correspondence from *Penthouse* readers will be forwarded to Ellison. — Ed

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Muff menu

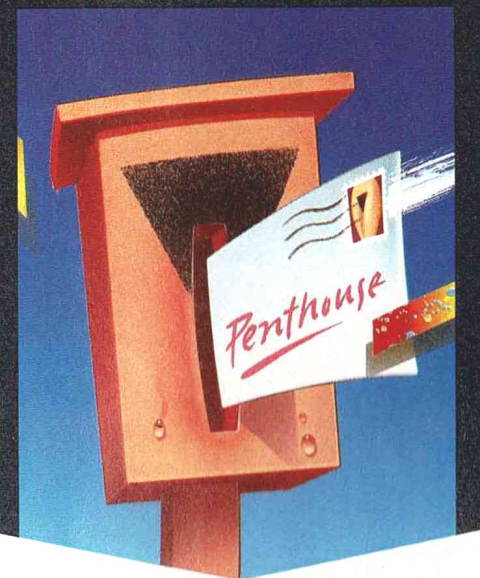
I do quite a bit of travelling for the company I work for and occasionally meet a few interesting and exciting people, some of whom make up for the dull and slow nights that I spend either in some chilly computer room or lonely hotel room.

I recently returned from another extended trip, which started slowly but ended on a rush. At first I was experiencing a particularly boring and uneventful stay, working extremely long hours. But fortunately for me, the equipment that I was testing turned out to be quite user-friendly.

My usual routine includes installing the final components, testing the system as a whole, and doing an inventory with the customer. Luckily, this customer turned out to be a very attractive woman, similar in age to me (40), with a penchant for silk blouses and high heels. The thought of those big tits sticking out of her silk blouse still gives me a hard-on. To excite me even more, she had one of those arses you could rest a wine glass on without spilling a drop. The entire time I was working I was trying to figure out if she was wearing panty hose or a garter belt and stockings. Since, despite her build, she seemed too proper to fuck the hired help, I didn't have high expectations.

The final evening after completing the first two tasks I accompanied Carol to the computer room for the final check-off of the system. Up until that point, we were calling each other Miss and Mr.

As I started explaining the equipment and doing the inventory, I lowered myself to the floor, ostensibly to get a better view of the lower cabinets. What I really wanted to do was finally answer the garter-belt question. After a few seconds Carol stepped directly over me, still acting as though she were more interested in what I was saying. To my joy she not only wore stockings but didn't have any panties on. My cock bulged even tighter against my jeans. Then Carol proceeded to shake her hair loose, pull up her dress, squat over my face, and order me to eat her pussy. For the next ten minutes, I ate the best-trimmed pussy ever. When I tried to take off her blouse, she pushed away my



forum

like animals and exploded together.

The next morning she suggested that I stay one extra day as she still had a few equipment questions to answer. Fortunately, my calendar permitted me to do so, and we spent another night at her place. Not all of my trips are this exciting, but this is one that I will never forget. — Name and address withheld

Veronica's secret

I of all people never thought I'd be writing to you, especially not about an experience like this. Let's just say it was the most erotic and satisfying experience I have ever had.

It happened just before Valentine's Day. I was looking for a surprise for my boyfriend, and some cherry-red lingerie seemed like just what our mediocre love life needed. After visiting several lingerie shops, I finally happened upon a small yet alluring shop — little did I know just how alluring it would be!

As soon as I entered the shop I knew that this was the right place. I was instantly overcome by the store's leather and lace. Just walking through the silky satins began to arouse me. Everything around me — the music, the lighting — contributed to the effect. If only there were someone to share it with me...

Suddenly there was a voice from behind: "May I help you?" Startled, I whirled around, and before me stood a woman whom I found surprisingly attractive. Again she asked, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

I told her I was looking for the hottest item in the store. She grinned knowingly and said she had just the thing. I would soon find out that the hottest item was neither satin nor lace. She picked up a skimpy item and vanished behind a velvet curtain. While waiting I glanced around the shop and noticed the lights at the front of the store had been dimmed, and the "closed" sign was perched in the window. It seemed like an eternity before the curtain opened, revealing that beautifully sensuous woman, clad only in a red lace teddy and four-inch spiked heels. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that a woman could be so arousing. All I could do was stare at her perfectly



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sculptured, tanned body.

"Do you like what you see?"

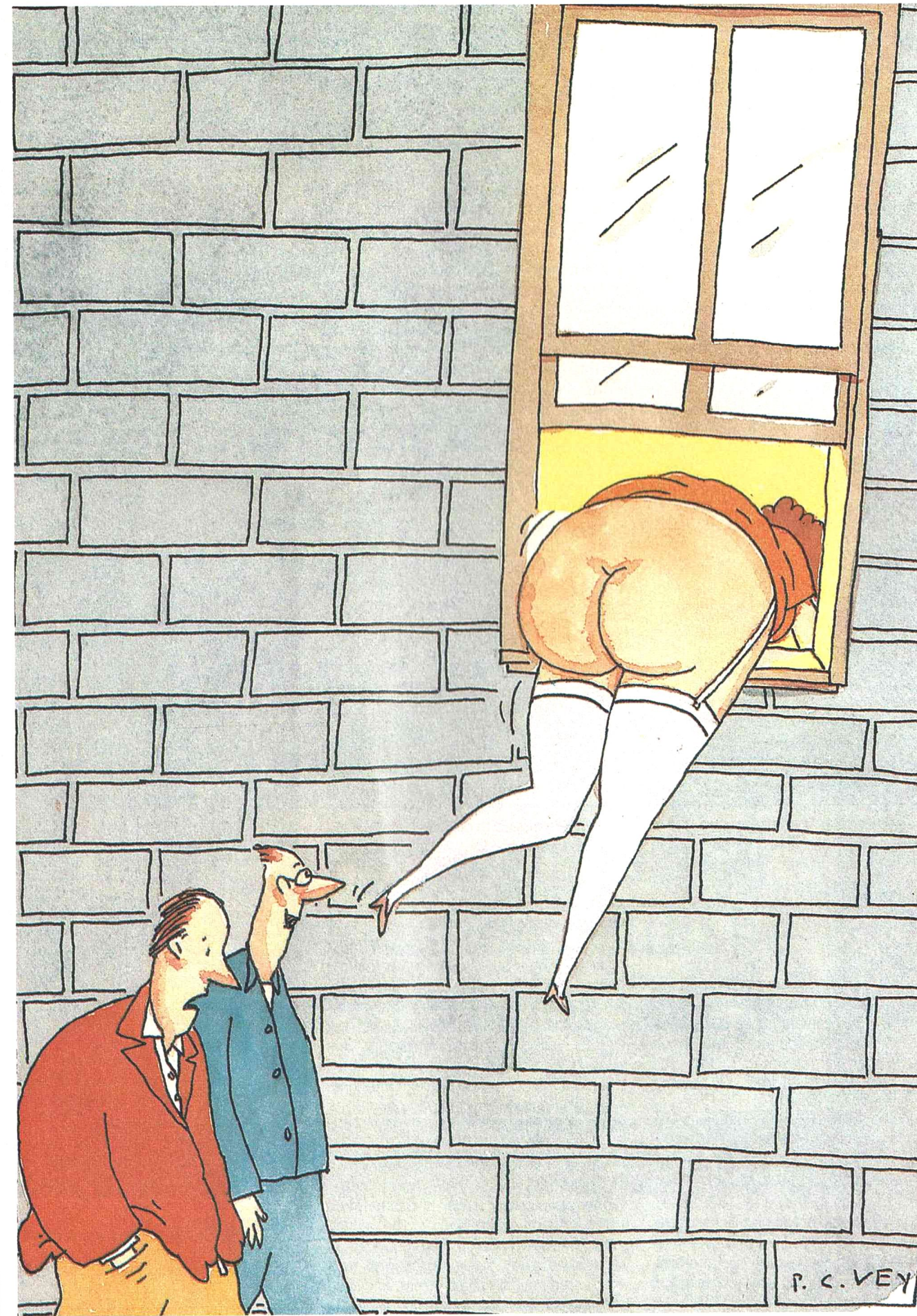
"Yes" was my answer, but I wasn't speaking of the lingerie. I was mesmerised by her inviting lips and succulent breasts. I felt myself dripping with excitement. As she moved towards me, her erect nipples and seductive eyes informed me that my lust was not misplaced. I stood there paralysed as she, saying nothing, began to unbutton my blouse. Time stood still as her talented fingers worked quickly and nimbly to remove all but my undies — and my lust.

I was overwhelmed by an uncontrollable desire to touch her. With hands that were no longer my own, I gently caressed her heaving breasts. I slowly worked my way down over her quivering, sweaty stomach until I reached her patch of paradise. She kicked back her head and a slight moan fell from her lips as I vigorously massaged her clit through her now-sopping lace.

Suddenly, she grasped my hand, and raising it to her lips, licked it clean. Placing one hand behind my neck, she pulled me close. I felt her other hand slide inside my panties and lightly tease my aching clit. I was brought to my knees by massive sexual desire. Leaning into me, she gently guided me on to my back. I spread my legs, begging for her touch. She moved up between my legs, as if she were a jungle cat stalking its prey. I was concerned that the smell might bother her, but her tongue action assured me that mine was not her first muff! Her tongue tantalised and toyed with me. Then she sucked my love bean so hard that I felt I'd explode if I didn't shriek with ecstasy. And explode I did, into the most violent orgasm of my life!

Instinctively, I began to reciprocate. I anxiously ripped her lace panties off. Her beautiful blonde bush lay between her tanned thighs, glowing like a torch in the night. Her scent heightened my hunger. As I went down on my first woman ever, the juice of her passion tasted like sweet candy. Her blissful moans again excited me beyond control. I had never had more than one orgasm in a session before, but that would never be true again. Her muscles tensed as she neared Nirvana. Then suddenly, from behind us, we were startled by a voice: "Sex during business hours again? Veronica, you naughty girl."

Before us was the silhouette of a beautifully shaped woman. As she moved toward us, her emerald dress fell from her shoulder, revealing her naked body. She was an Oriental goddess, her long black hair partially concealing her petite yet exquisite breasts. As she knelt next to us, her perfume filled the air like nectar. I couldn't help but lick my lips in greedy anticipation. From head to toe she was all woman, all excitement! Our new partner winked knowingly at Veronica and firmly held my left leg while Veronica took my right. They then ever so



"Forget it, Al. That type will break your heart in the end."

forum

slowly spread my legs. The two of them began licking and kissing me, starting with my feet and gradually working their way up to my steamy thighs. It was more than any one woman could take! Veronica rose to her feet and straddled my face. I was more than happy to continue what I had already started. Meanwhile my new friend began to slip her fingers, one by one, into my love canal. As she slipped a third finger into my thirsty treasure trove, it was as if I had been impaled by Excalibur itself. Simultaneously, Veronica erupted into orgasm like a volcano. The juices flowed over my cheeks like lava down a mountainside. Then she collapsed next to me. Although I loved satisfying her, I was glad that I could now fully concentrate on my own gratification.

My new friend removed Excalibur from me. I felt lost until her moistened fingertips found my rock-hard nipples and her tongue my clit. The next thing I knew, Veronica was vigorously sucking my right tit. I was reduced to a sexual supper! They devoured me mercilessly like two lionesses at a kill. As I burst into orgasm, I felt as though I had entered another dimension!

Amid Veronica's and my ecstasy, our third partner had worked herself into a sexual fury. I thrust her on to her back and began devouring her as she had done to me. Her clit was like a pearl inside a bearded oyster. I sucked, nibbled, tugged and licked it while her body quivered with supreme rapture. She climaxed almost immediately, and the hot juices of her delight poured on to me like the fire of a dragon. Her squeals of joy eventually dwindled into whimpers.

The rest of the evening was like a dream. The next thing I remember we were dressed. As I left the shop, Veronica gave me a brand-new, hot-red teddy, and said, "It's on the house." I've been going back for more ever since. — *Name and address withheld*

Our best friend

My wife and I have been married for seven years with nothing especially wrong, but not much excitement either. We'd been having sex about twice a month, mostly on Sundays. It always seemed to lack the passion that I remember from our courting days.

One evening after our kids were asleep, I noticed Rachel looking at my copy of *Penthouse*. I was a little surprised because she usually made fun of me when I read it.

"Am I as pretty as they are?" she asked, holding up a spread of two beautiful models.

"They couldn't hold a candle, babe," I replied truthfully. Rachel is still as gorgeous as when we met, with long dark hair, tits big enough to nestle in, and golden-brown eyes. I cuddled up to her, and we flipped through the pictures together.

At one page Rachel stopped and pointed out a ravishing brunette. "Doesn't she look

like Mindy?" she asked. I had to admit that the model bore a strong resemblance to our best friend. Mindy is an old friend whom I have fantasised about for a long time. She is the sort of woman whose sex drive is so tightly restrained that it oozes out in ways she doesn't even suspect. You can see in her deep green eyes and by the way she moves her luscious body that Mindy is dying for something wild.

Then Rachel surprised me. "Mindy used to be a lesbian, you know," she said. "I've always kind of wondered what it would be like with her."

This was something about our friend that I had never known. While I realise that most people are curious about homosexuality, Rachel and I had never discussed the subject. "Tell me about it," I said, trying to contain my growing excitement while visions of Mindy, the lace-clad model, Rachel, and I danced in my mind. I snuggled closer to my wife and began to stroke her body as she haltingly began to share her fantasies. As my fingers found her pleasure centres Rachel's hesitation vanished, and her breathing quickened. She pantingly related a tale of being sexually involved with her lesbian friend, and as her story reached its climax, so did we — Rachel shuddering as my fingers rapidly circled her clit, then crying out as I plunged my cock full-length into her throbbing pussy, almost immediately filling her with hot come. It was the most overwhelming lovemaking I could remember in years. Imagined scenes of Rachel spread-eagled with Mindy licking furiously at her dripping pussy came back to me over and over.

Afterwards I asked Rachel if we should invite Mindy down for the weekend and share our fantasy with her. She was embarrassed and refused to discuss it any further. But I was captivated by the tale and determined to bring it to life if I could.

Mindy, who lives out of town now, still likes to visit. She called Rachel to tell her that she was coming in for the weekend. "Now don't you get any ideas," Rachel warned, shaking a finger at me. But I knew that my "ideas" were also her fantasy. Mindy bustled in on a Saturday with her usual dynamic energy, her green eyes flashing and her laughter spilling out almost constantly. She gave us the usual hug and kiss, and then pulled out the customary bottle of fine wine, which was quickly opened and poured. As we laughed while exchanging stories about our kids (with their grandparents for the weekend), we easily renewed the warm friendship that we had shared for so long.

After an excellent dinner, the three of us retired to the backyard hot tub. The conversation gradually became more subdued as we soaked away our tensions. Hot tubs were an almost daily ritual with us, and I had become accustomed to seeing our friend without clothes, but I couldn't help but stare at Mindy's beautiful body. Her breasts, almost as large as Rachel's, floated half out of the water. Below the surface, I could see

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a shadowy image of her trim waist, her lithe legs, and the dark bush between them. I stared freely, thinking that Mindy's eyes were closed. But as I raised my gaze up to her lovely face, I saw that she was gazing back at me with a look of amusement. I quickly glanced away, but even if my eyes could lie, my stiff cock was a dead giveaway. Muttering something about starting a fire, I gathered my towel around me and went inside.

A few minutes later, Rachel and Mindy came in and both looked more relaxed. By now I had a good blaze going in the fireplace and we all gathered close to it, wrapping our towels about us and leaning on the brightly colored floor pillows.

"I feel so good," Mindy purred, as she stretched out on her stomach in front of the flames. An informal massage session often followed our hot tub sessions, and I began to lightly knead Mindy's back. "Oh, you're so good to me," she sighed. "Rachel, love, would you mind doing my feet? I'll do yours later." Rachel obligingly rubbed our friend's feet as I worked my way up her back. A few minutes later, we gently rolled Mindy over in a practiced motion to work her other side. Warmed by the fire, Mindy let the towel fall away. I kneaded her neck and shoulders, gradually working my way down to her full breasts. Dipping my fingers in some warm

scented oil, I gently caressed Mindy's tits — my fingers lightly tracing around her nipples, then brushing them one by one. As her breasts tightened and the nipples began to stand out, I kneaded more firmly, grabbing whole handfuls of her tits and squeezing them through my oiled fingers, finishing each squeeze with a tight tug on the nipple. I glanced at Rachel, and she was staring transfixed, unconsciously still circling Mindy's feet with her hands. Mindy released a soft moan, slightly tensing and releasing her thigh muscles. Her hands moved slowly down to my wife's and she guided them further up her legs. Rachel stroked Mindy's thighs up and down from the knee to her moistening pussy. Suddenly she couldn't stand it any more.

"Oh, how can you guys tease me like this!" Mindy burst out. With one hand she pressed mine more firmly into her heaving bosom, while with the other she grabbed one of Rachel's and planted it firmly over her now-dripping cunt. Rachel may not have had any experience with another woman, but she certainly knew how to tickle a clit. Her fingers began to rapidly circle Mindy's clit, occasionally dipping quickly inside her cunt and out again. Rachel couldn't take her eyes off Mindy's dripping pussy, and her own breathing became shallow and rapid.

"Rachel, sweet, eat me please!" pleaded Mindy. Her hands guided Rachel's face between her legs, and my wife began to lap

and suck as if she'd been doing it all her life. Mindy gasped and panted, shoving her cunt against Rachel's face and throwing her head back and forth with unrestrained passion.

Her hands left Rachel's head and grabbed mine, pulling me down to meet her lips. Her tongue forced itself down my throat as she writhed and twisted, pulling at my ears, biting my lips, and kissing me desperately. Suddenly her eyes went blank and she heaved her hips off of the floor, crying out, "Oh, my God, I'm coming!" A spasm shook her and she fell back to the floor.

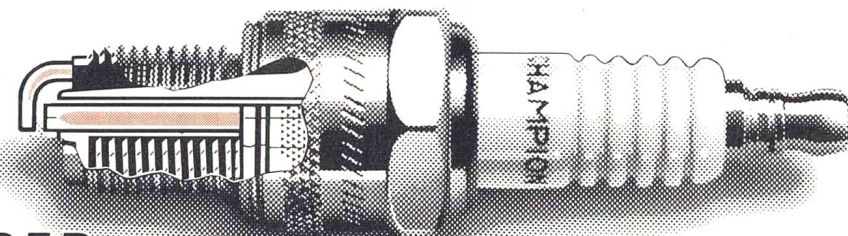
My throbbing dick couldn't take it any more. I knelt astride Mindy's face and she shoved my cock into her mouth. She took it eagerly, sucking and licking hungrily as her passion and energy returned. As my eyes glazed over with pleasure, I noticed Rachel staring at the scene of my engorged cock being gobbled by Mindy. One of Rachel's hands was between her legs, rubbing her swollen clit up and down. I turned without pulling loose from Mindy's mouth and dove for my wife's pussy to give her a tongue-lashing as good as the one I was getting from her girlfriend. Rachel leaned back, pushing her crotch against me and lifting it with the rhythm of her waves of pleasure. Feeling myself about to come, I pulled out. Mindy gave a soft sigh of disappointment, but it quickly turned to pleasure. I lifted and

Continued on page 114

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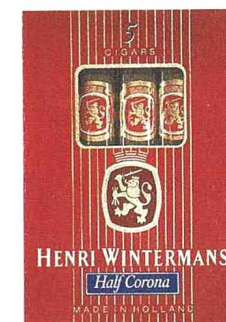
THE STATE OF THE ART SPARK

CSP 2013/C SWH&P

BOZELL STU 2603D



AFTER
DINNER
WITH
HENRI



HENRI WINTERMANS
HALF CORONA
CIGARS

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

KEN HOLLOWAY

HOME: Sydney, NSW.

AGE: 37.

PROFESSION: Managing Director of his own watercraft manufacturing company.

HOBBY: "My job. How lucky can you get?"

LAST BOOK READ: "The Walrus & The Carpenter", Lewis Carroll.

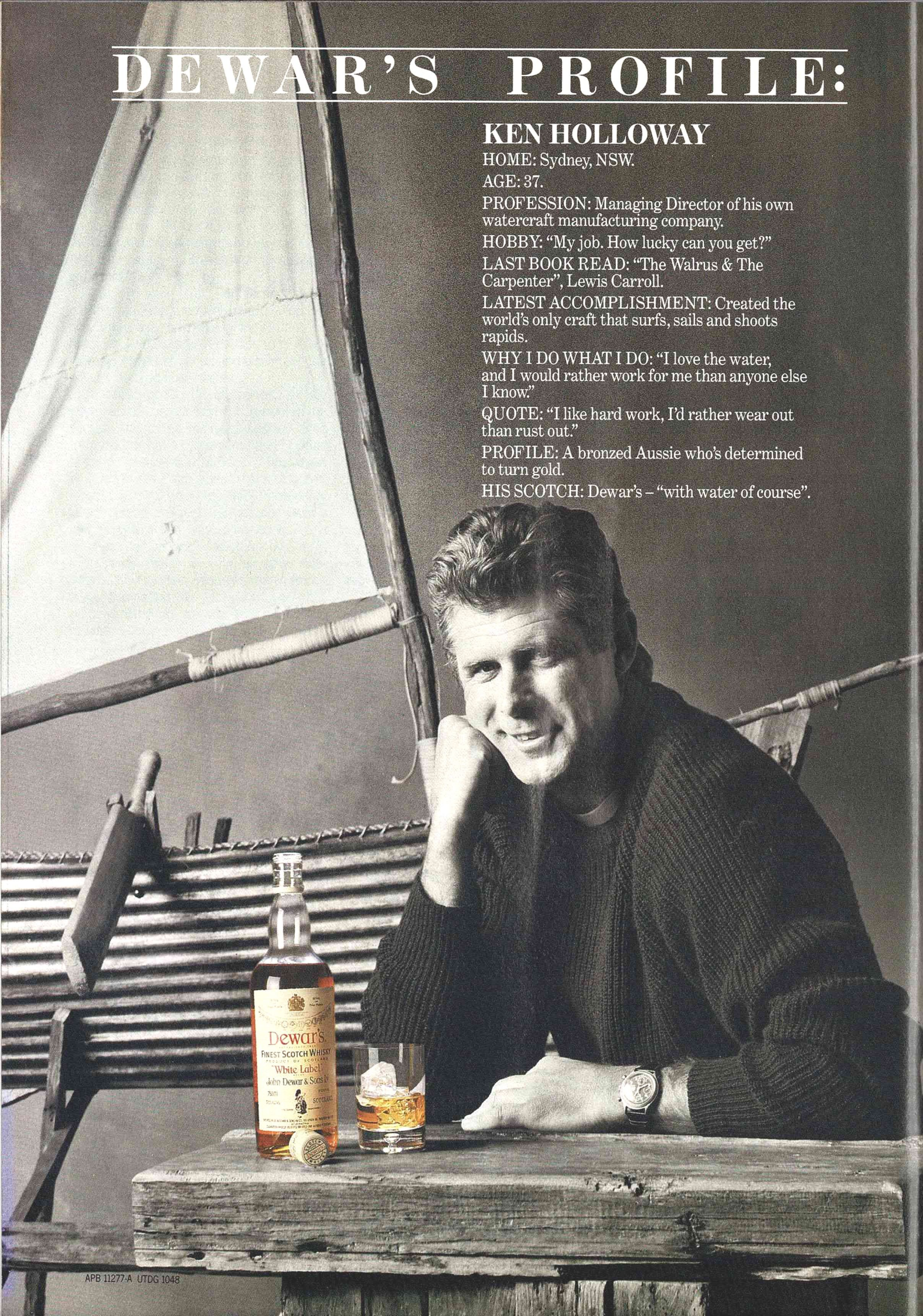
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Created the world's only craft that surfs, sails and shoots rapids.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "I love the water, and I would rather work for me than anyone else I know."

QUOTE: "I like hard work, I'd rather wear out than rust out."

PROFILE: A bronzed Aussie who's determined to turn gold.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's - "with water of course".



S E X

FRONT

SHOOTING BLANKS

Many years ago on Bombay railway station I became aware of vasectomies. I was standing in one of those endless queues waiting for my chance to

mates' grape vine (pardon the pun). The first bloke on the list was a bit of a worry. He'd had the job done, but I remembered when he did and I wasn't sure it had been a totally satisfying experience. His problem was that he went to some backyard vasectomist who was cheap but insisted on performing the deed under local anaesthetic. So my friend was totally conscious during the whole procedure. The backyarder

get complicated if you front up a few years later wanting a reversal.

"You know the type," the surgeon confided. "He's left his missus, put the gold chains on, then met some floosy and decided to start another family."

"Gives me the shits, quite frankly. It takes a few minutes to do this but it takes hours to reverse."

He looked me in the eye and made me promise on Scouts' honor not to come back for a reversal. I crossed my fingers behind my back and buttoned my collar to hide the gold chains.

After that it was simple. Anaesthetic, back home, long kip and back in business. A couple of little Band-Aids on the spot where the snip was done and absolutely no soreness.

Before I went under, a man presented me with a bottle: "You'll find this under your pillow when you wake up," he said, "a gift from the sperm fairy."

The jar was to carry the results of an ejaculation in a few weeks, so they could discern whether or not I was shooting blanks. Quite a few sperm hang around in the tubes for a while, so you need to use a condom for the first six or so post-vasectomy tryouts.

Now, I know a lot of unreconstructed Old Age blokes have great problems wrestling with the idea of some doctor attacking them in the groin with a knife. In fact, most of these men would probably submit to a full body search by Bernard King before agreeing to a vasectomy. But this reconstructed

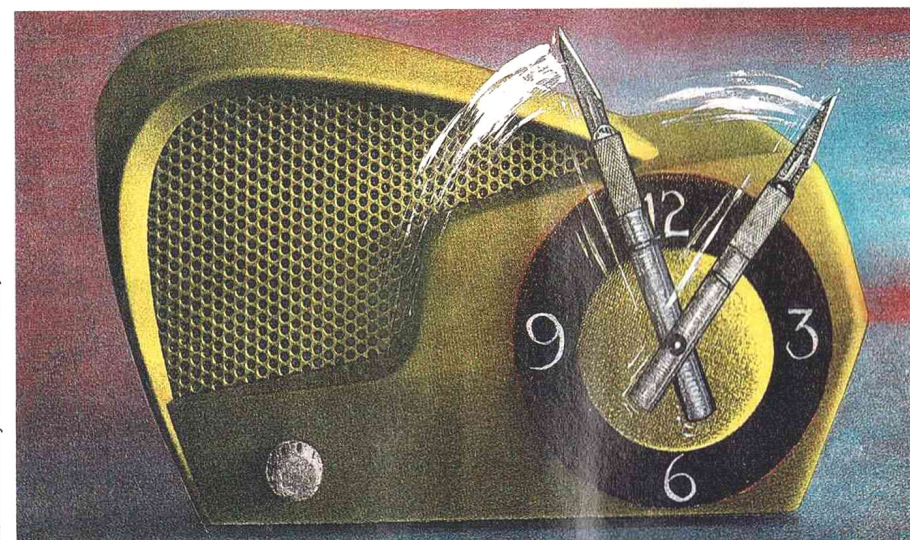
A ballsy story of one man and his sperm

bloke has no regrets. If you go to a good person it is not a hassle and the freedom of action afterwards is liberating.

The only question no-one has ever answered is this: if the sperm don't get the chance to swim upriver anymore, where do they go? They tell me I'm still manufacturing them.

This, along with the one about the chicken and the egg and whether or not the light in the fridge goes out when I close the door has become another of those unanswered mysteries of life. — Alan Kennedy

Illustration by Victor Terletzky



plead with a ticket seller for some sort of form that would allow me on a train to anywhere in India. I noticed a small booth off to one side and in large letters it said "Free Radio With Every Vasectomy." A wonderful promotion, I thought, but apparently no-one else did as there was no queue of dhoti-wearing sahibs forming at the right to avail themselves of this offer.

A while later I heard Indian radio and realised that having some bloke attack the wedding tackle with a blunt, but hopefully sterile, knife was probably not worth it if all you got out of it at the end was a sore groin and a dud radio playing even duder programs.

Any thought of vasectomies dropped into my subconscious while I went on to father three children. But as the last arrived I decided it was time to hang the cue back in the rack. I remembered Bombay railway station and thought a new clock radio wouldn't go astray. A quick reccy around Central in Sydney turned up no booths offering radios or even vasectomies. I could have had three passport-sized black and whites of the member in question should I have wished to risk it. A snip at \$3.50, but not the kind I was after.

I decided to avail myself of the old

chatted throughout, pausing only to squint and stick his tongue out while he put the cat gut through the eye of the needle, all the while muttering about camels and businessmen.

As a result my friend did Quasimodo impersonations for a month and whenever I saw him he had a large bag of party ice pressed firmly into his groin "to ease the pain," he said.

Jesus, no wonder there were no takers for the radio in Bombay, I thought. Party ice is at a premium in those parts.

But then I was steered in the right direction. Another friend did it all on his Medibank Private account. He went to a surgeon, checked into a hospital for the day had a general anaesthetic and was back home that night. He had a few glasses of red, flaked for 18 hours and woke up feeling fine. This was for me.

I rolled into the doctor with a permission form signed by my partner. The doc gave me a long lecture on procedure, which is a fairly simple process.

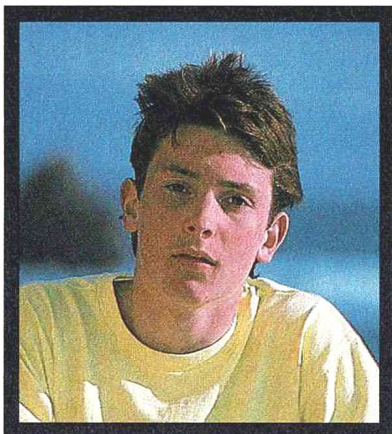
Two little tubes run up from the testes and into the penis. The surgeon snips the tubes and turns them back so that the sperm doesn't make it into the stuff you ejaculate. As I said, pretty simple. Things only

GOING FOR IT

With its proximity to the surfing Mecca, Torquay, and legendary surf breaks of the calibre of Bells Beach, Geelong has produced some of Australia's best surfers and it keeps doing so.

The area is also producing some of the best surfers of the new breed, those who are powered by the wind

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE TRIANCE

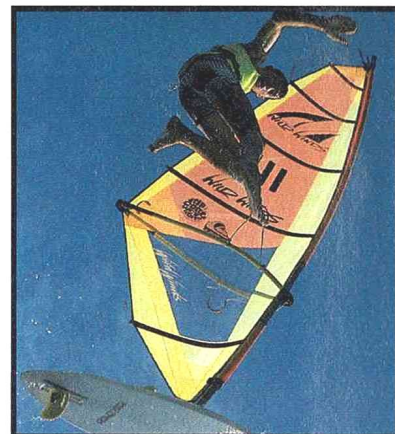


as well as the waves. Jason Polakow, just turned 18 and just finished his final year of secondary school in Victoria, is one of them.

Local knowledge has been on his side: earlier this year Polakow won the open section of the ANZ Australia wavesailing championships at Torquay, giving him his first national title.

It was a close-fought thing in which he was pitted against arch-rival, West Australian Dave Sheen. In the end it was the young Victorian's superior manoeuvrability on the waves that nudged out Sheen.

Polakow has appeared on about as many magazine covers as Elle McPherson but it isn't his body they're after — tourist and sporting publications have put him up front because of the incredible

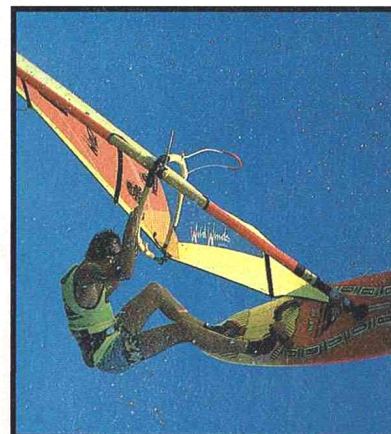


and moving and sail away. "Going for it," he calls it, and for wavesailors it's a way of life. "I prefer the manoeuvres that are more dangerous," he says.

Another favorite is the "gu screw." For this one you take off on a wave and do a 360 turn flat — like a helicopter in skiing or a doughnut in driving. "This one's really risky," says Polakow, "because you're really worrying about the manoeuvre, not where the wave is, and when you land you can get sucked back over the falls."

That's not so bad when you're riding a two-metre wave in Australia, but when you're handling a five or even eight-metre swell in Hawaii, it takes on a new meaning.

Hawaii has become a second home for Polakow. Over the past few

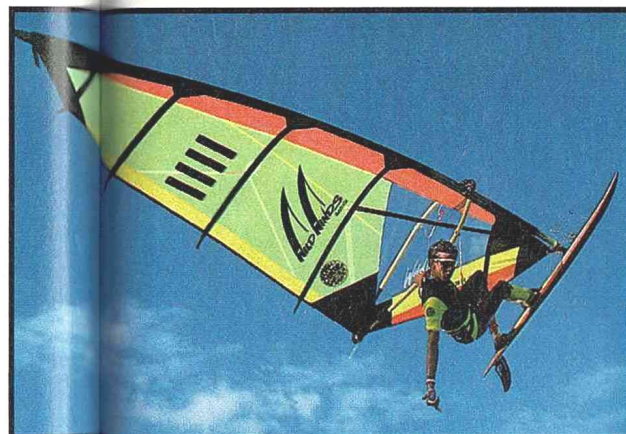


International windsurfing magazines, observing him in action in Hawaii, have described Polakow as the "heir expectant" to the title of the world's best wavesailor. For him, Hawaii really acts as the focus for the sport. "It's great because all the best in the sport are there. It's also a better place to train because you can do a whole lot more when you don't have to wear a wetsuit."

Sponsorship is a key factor in Polakow's pitch for the number one spot in his sport. To travel the World Cup circuit, some competitors say you need \$50,000 minimum, depending on the number of events you attend. That's just travel — you could look at the same amount again to be equipped with boards, sails and rigs for all the conditions you'll encounter.

Like most of the better competitors, Polakow also has equipment sponsors who supply him with most of what he needs to compete. They get their dues from him — as well as the exposure he provides on the circuit, he acts as a test pilot for new board, wetsuit, sail and accessory designs.

Having finished school in 1989, Polakow is now ready to take the best of their gear on to the highly competitive World Cup circuit and launch a serious assault on the world title. He'll be attending a select number of World Cup events, chosen

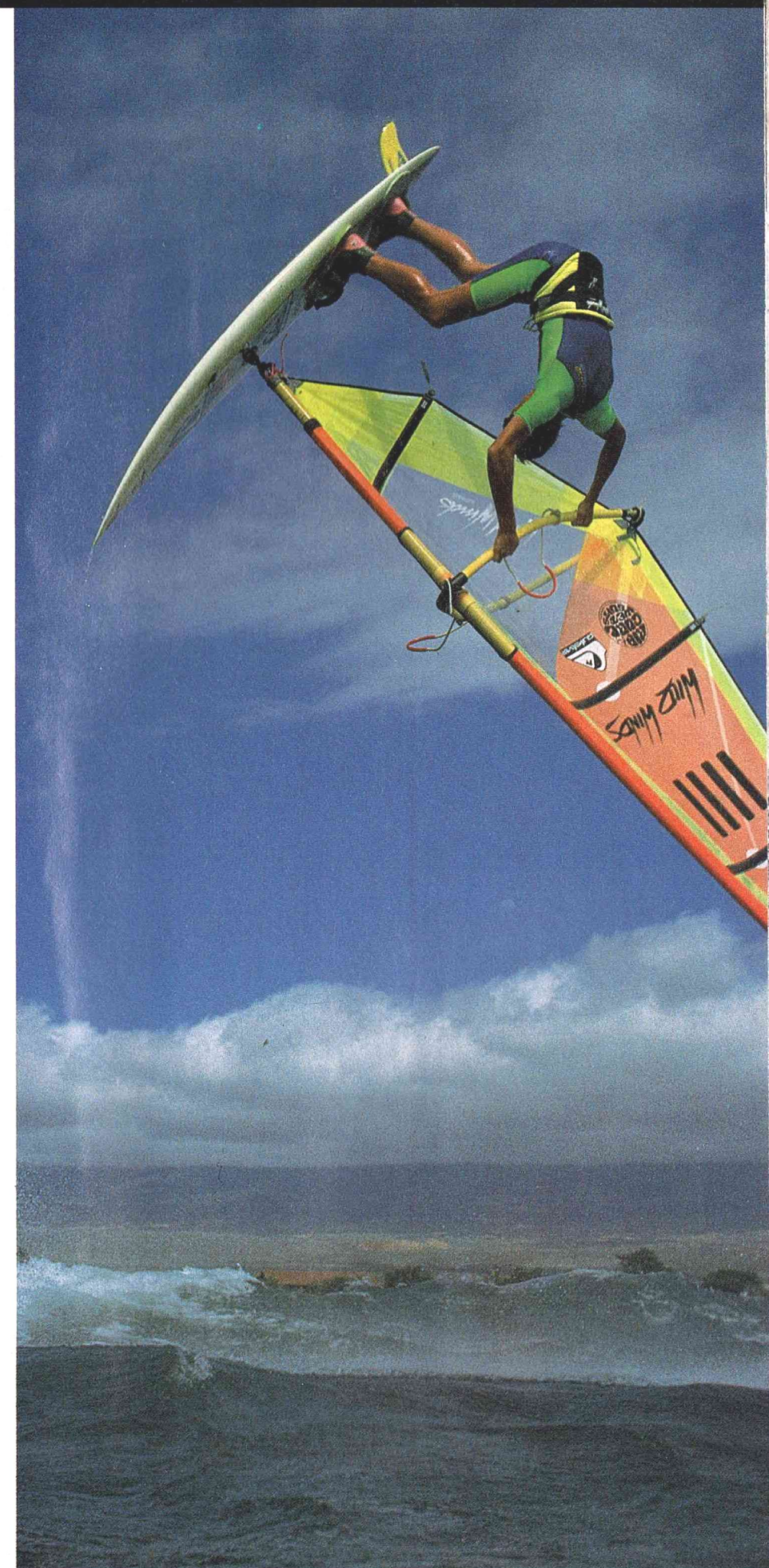


for the wavesailing points they'll make available to him.

In top level competition, wavesailing is only one of the disciplines — sailors also compete in slalom events (fast racing with tight turns) and course racing events (run like an America's Cup race over longer courses). While they aren't his specialty, Polakow will try his hand at slalom and course, but waves are the key to his success.

He isn't scared to state his ambition either: "I want to be the best in the world at wavesailing, to win the World Cup in wavesailing." He's committed to competition but remains modest, level-headed and capable. He's very much of the breed of modern sports people — highly competitive ambassadors for their sport and their sponsors.

Jason says he has no special routine to prepare himself for competition, but when an event's underway, he'll always play it safe to begin with — get some points for a few conservative rides before he goes on to the more radical manoeuvres. He loves competition, he says, because of the adrenalin pump it gives, because of its freedom and "because it's self-contained. Wavesailors are such a great crowd of people. They don't hassle you, they don't give you a hard time, they simply go for it!" — Jim Darby

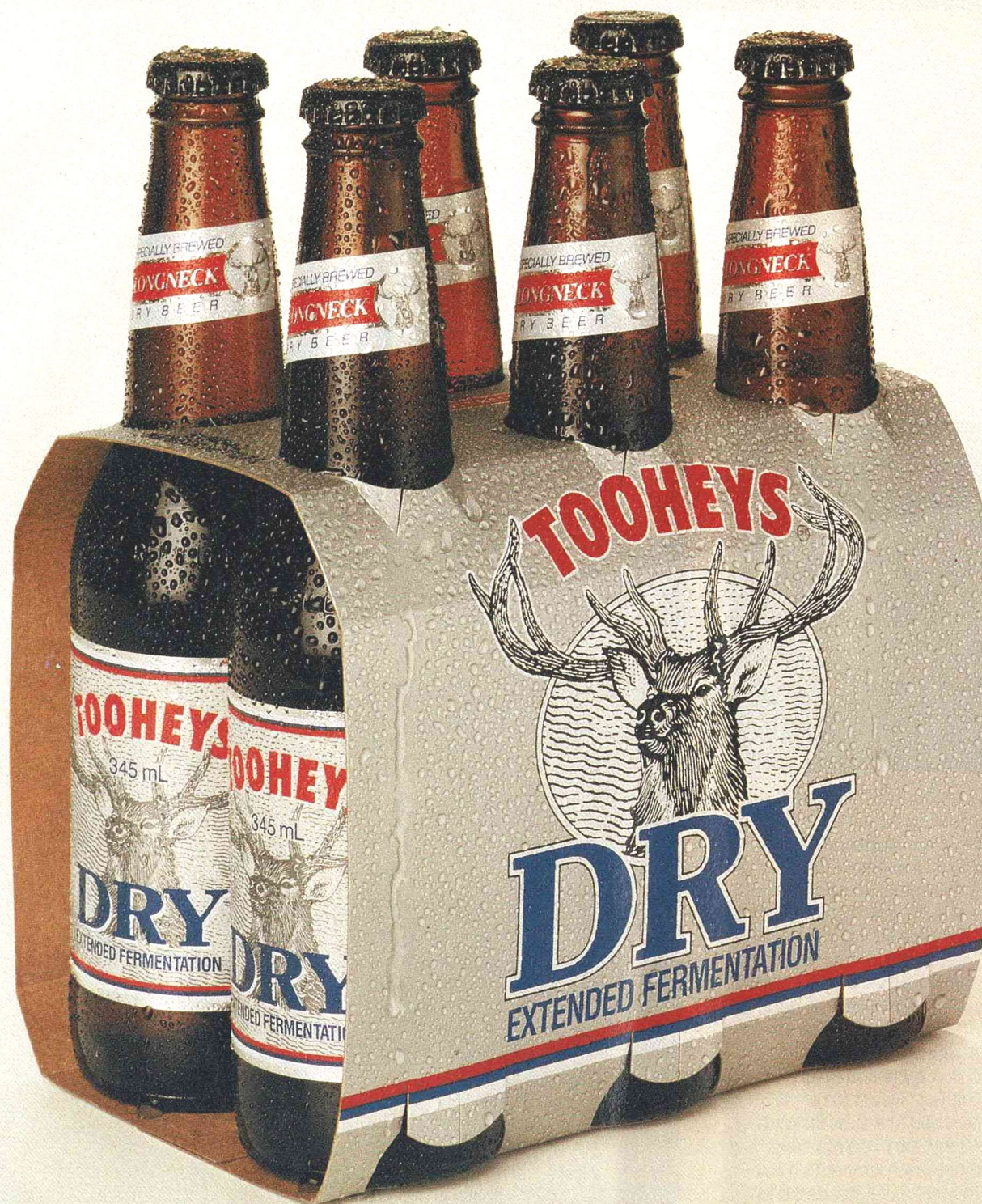


Victorian Jason Polakow is the heir apparent to the world wavesailing title

manoeuvres he is capable of accomplishing.

Try the double forward loop for starters. For this he might use a two-metre wave as a ramp to launch himself about 13 metres in the air, then use the height to complete two forward loops with his board under him and sail beside him. Then he'll land, tail first, keep the board afloat

years he's made at least two trips there a year, each time for around a month. His destination is Hookipa Beach on Maui — headquarters for the world's best wavesailors. Here Polakow is able to brush up on the latest manoeuvres, match them up with his own contest-winning style and even invent a few tricks of his own.



SIX APPEAL

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THE CREATIVE PALATE

Someone recently asked a noted Texan gourmet what was the best choice of wine to accompany chilli con carne. After a few minutes of deep thought he suggested serving the finest white burgundy with a beer chaser. Several years ago this answer would have been greeted by stares of disbelief or gales of laughter but these days the trend in matching wine with food is far more realistic. At last it is being recognised that although there are many honorable marriages between food and wine, there are few unassailably right ones.

Matching food and wine has always been a subject of fierce debate because each person's tastebuds are as unique as the patterns of their fingertips.

The chief aim of wine is to accentuate the flavors of the food and likewise food should always enhance the character of the wine. Such formulae as red wine with red meat and game and white wine with white meat and fish will always be "safe" choices but they should never become, nor were they ever intended to be, rigid concepts. Anyone truly interested in food

Mixed marriages are quite the fashion on the foodie scene

should be willing to experiment and take a few gastronomic risks with other more interesting combinations and even attempt a few apparently "strange" ones.

There is a certain element of daring about upturning old traditions but you should never be tempted to throw the baby out with the bath water. Never serving a "big" gutsy red with a delicate dish and preventing the murder of a light wine with spicy food are just two of the many traditional wine drinking rules which you ignore at your peril.

Champagne, dry vermouth, dry sherry and rosé all make good

"opening" wines for dinner, especially when the first course is smoked fish, an egg or vegetable dish or traditional-type hors d'oeuvres. They are not sweet and therefore do the job of perking up the palate for what is to follow.

Some people argue that soups should be served without wine, as both are liquid, but as some soups are rather hearty the argument is flawed. If you are serving a consommé match it with a light red wine, madeira, a fino or amontillado sherry, with the latter also suiting many other soups. Creamy, vegetable-based or chilled soups I find are best served with dry, low acid whites.

Depending on the richness of the ingredients, patés and terrines respond well to dry, fruity reds and whites or rosé. The more strongly flavored meat varieties obviously require the richer reds. Most pasta meals marry well with light reds, but if a heavy meat sauce or filling is involved a fuller-bodied red is more suitable. Well-flavored rice dishes, such as paella, and pastry main courses are also best served with red wine.

Red wine has the reputation of making fish taste metallic and this is especially true with oily fish. There are exceptions, of course, and fresh salmon and the lighter textured salmon trout are just two examples of species that respond well to a light red wine. As a general rule, however, light, slightly acid dry whites such as chablis or white burgundy are the number one choice for fish, although a good rosé is a solid selection for baked or highly seasoned fish dishes. When the fish is plainly cooked err on the light side, but when it is served with a sauce you can progress to a more full-bodied white.

As chicken is to the cook what an empty canvas is to the painter it can accommodate a great variety of wines depending on the cooking method and other ingredients involved. Light dry reds are good with highly seasoned or casseroled dishes but in most cases dry to slightly sweet white wines are the most preferred choices.

As turkey and duck have a stronger taste than chicken they easily merit a full-bodied white or light red. Game, with the exceptions of quail and sometimes pheasant, which require a light red, is usually better suited to fuller-flavored reds.

Beef has always had an almost symbiotic relationship with full, dry red but if you are eating a cheap dish like spaghetti bolognese a great wine would be wasted.

The traditional wines with veal, pork and ham are rosés or slightly sweet wines, but if you like spices with these meats young, fruity reds are a much better choice. Forget



Illustration by Louise Tuckwell

about wine with preserved and pickled meats and go with beer or cider.

Fiery spices are well-known palate paralyzers and hot Asian curries and other highly spiced foods are infinitely better suited to beer or plain water. This should never be a blanket rule, however, as mild curries respond very well to a good traminer.

Chinese food has also failed to "demand" the right wine and now that we are expanding our knowledge of one of the world's greatest cuisines beyond Australian-influenced Cantonese the problem is even more difficult. Highly spiced Szechuan food obviously will not warrant the same wine choice — if indeed a wine is suitable at all — as dishes in the milder Peking style. Gastronomes exploring the different cuisines of China still have to chart their own course, but for those who do like what most Australian Chinese restaurants still serve, slightly sweet fruity whites are a good path to follow. Or if you are a real coward, stick with beer. — Elisabeth King



Scene stealer.

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This is what high performance sports-bike riding is all about.
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GSX-R750

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* Read your Owner's Manual carefully. * Enjoy safe riding.



S T Y L E

FRONT

LOUD FEET

On the wide brown plain that is the local men's fashion scene little brushfires flare from time to time amid the bulldust. For the past few years all eyes have been on men's underpants and a kind of promotional war countless wags have tagged 'the boxer rebellion'. The tumult and the shouting's died now, however, and all is quiet on the Y-front. Boxer shorts have all but gone down for the count and the classic Jockey brief rules once more in all its cottony, comfy, conservative glory.

Last year it was ties — wider than a Tony Barber smile and splattered in color schemes and designs that might have been created by Ken Done on PCP. Around Christmas the men's accessories sections of our larger department stores resembled nuked Smarties factories and manic shoppers wrestled to empty the technicolor tie racks faster than a prawn platter at a wharfies' picnic.

A kind of "Perry Como on Valium" hush has now descended on

Darlings, this year socks are kicking arse

the tie department. We're still talking wide ties, boys — nine and a half centimetres say the poobahs — but colors are subdued: smoky mustard, burgundy, olive green. Yep, men's fashion this season bespeaks a subtle mellowness and maturity... in other words it's about as exciting as phone sex with Helen Keller.

But wait... let us consider the sock section. Darlings, socks are simply stunning this season. Believe it or not, this year, for the first time in recorded history, the words "sock" and "interesting" are not mutually exclusive. That last bastion of male sartorial boredom has been infiltrated by an array of colorful cotton articles that smell suspiciously of fashion statements. Hell, this year there are even "cult" socks.

This revolution on the Australian socks scene started in a small way last year, according to Karen Pickering, buyer and holder of the men's sock portfolio at David Jones. "We stocked limited numbers of a

line by Parisian designer Achille. They were intricately designed in bolder than usual colors and, even at \$24.95 a pair, they sold out very quickly."

The Japanese invaded next with a toe-curling range bearing the label TG, cotton blend scene-stealers that shouted "Buy Me!" in unashamed tones of red and yellow. Australian sock pervs answered the call at \$17.95 a pair.

All the while, local sock barons watched with hawkish interest. Adelaide men's accessory entrepreneur Adrian Quist dived in fast with an Australian-designed range manufactured in the advanced technology mills of Japan. Shrugging off bitchy claims that he'd copied many of his designs from overseas, Quist is brazenly confident that his Johnny Dangerous line will set the Australian sock market on fire. He's talking Australian sock history. As well as boasting colorful geometric styles, paisleys, and even fishing scenes, Quist gives us Johnny Dangerous himself, a knitted hepcat in Raybans and leathers perched on a Harley or looking terminally cool in a fedora and string tie. Says the enthusiastic Quist of his baby: "Johnny is here today because the technology for socks like this has never existed until now. Once we listened to AM radio, now we have FM. We will never go back!" Johnny Dangerous cult socks can be yours for \$19.95.

Last but not least to throw his hat into the ring is Australia's Mr Socks, 30-year-old Simon De Winter. De Winter saw a hole in the Australian sock market a few years ago and

created a bright range of unisex boot socks bearing his name. Hit number one. Moving right along, he took on the kids' market with the release of revolutionary sock featuring a rubberised non-slip sole. Another hit for the callous De Winter, who cares not a whit that he has destroyed forever that sacred relationship between a kid, a pair of socks and a polished floor.

De Winter says he held off the men's market for years in the belief that men weren't looking for anything bright and innovative in their socks. Then when ties went wild last year the call went out from the department stores. "Men's socks!" they clamored, and Simon countered with a range spanning 14 local designs based on overseas trends. Manufactured in Korea (as rival Quist is quick to point out), Simon De Winter's fashion socks for men went on sale in April bearing a very reasonable \$9.95 price tag.

Whither the sock market? The best is yet to come, according to Karen Pickering. "The conservative trend in men's clothing colors is set to continue and the bright socks will remain as a concession to personality dressing."

And what of ties and underpants? "Brocades and jacquards in rich but subdued colors figure in ties," says Ms Pickering. "But there's absolutely nothing showing in men's underwear overseas at the moment." A sorry state of affairs to be sure, but not one that's likely to be a problem here. When there's nothing showing in their underwear, Australian men have always known to put a sock in it. — C.J. Mackay



Photography by Studio Door 34

For Those Who Believe Individuality



STYLE SHOWN; SABRE SPORTSHIELD (Item No. 39115)

FRAME: Virtually unbreakable high density nylon sports frame featuring exclusive adjustable semi-hook temple for maximum frame retention. Available in black, straight neons or black/neon.

LENS: Shatterproof polycarbonate one-piece lens provides 100% UV protection. Bi-Axially curved to minimise distortion. Wide, rounded edges eliminate peripheral glare. Also available with gold spectromatic mirror.

Is Not A Lost Art...

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BLACK
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THE COMPANY MAN

The David Quicksilver Corporation. Quicksilver International Media. Quicksilver World Investments Pty Ltd. *For that matter, why stop there?* The Trans-Stellar Media Group Pty Ltd.

The thing with these private companies is, of course, the dead giveaway of the Pty Ltd. The Pty tells everyone straight away that you're on a level with the local plumber; that you're not exactly Alan Bond.

A Proprietary Limited (Pty Ltd) is what you get when you have no more than 20 shareholders, and usually just two or three: you, your partner and/or wife. Their main aim is to limit your personal liability for losses incurred by the company. That is, they save your house and personal savings from going to your creditors in case the company goes broke.

Companies evolved in the 16th Century to encourage backers of trading enterprises. It enabled, say, the port chandler to take a share in the profits of an expedition to the

today is the same: to limit liability. A builder, say, who does a bit of spec building will usually do the building through a Pty Ltd (if he can get or doesn't need the credit). So, if he goes bad, it's the company that goes bad, not him. Only the assets of the company go to the receiver, liquidator, whatever.

The problem is, of course, that many suppliers know this and are not often convinced of the wisdom of giving much more than a dollar

Should you incorporate?

forty's worth of credit to a two-dollar company; they either won't give it or insist on personal guarantees — which defeats the whole purpose of incorporation. Then, if the company goes bust, the lender comes for your house and savings anyway, to the extent of the personal guarantee.

What the smarties sometimes do with these successful businesses is build them up so they are worth something in themselves and sell shares and/or borrow against those assets. Then, given a lackadaisical auditor/stock exchange/“independent expert”, the smarty shuffles as many of those assets, share capital and borrowings into his own pocket as he can. One simple way is to leave the value of, say, real estate at historically low levels while bumping up the value of goodwill.

Lenders will still value the company as a whole, probably estimating the goodwill component down and the real estate up. You then sell off the land to a compliant third party to “raise much-needed working capital”, but at the same time, to “protect” the buyer and show your own personal “good faith”, you guarantee the buyer's purchase by writing a call option out of your pocket — and giving him a put — which basically means you can and will buy the land back yourself at some time in the future.

The company is left paying you rent for its own land and a grossly overvalued business. But that's by way of a digression. Most companies do not start out in life with robbery as their main aim . . . at least they do not say so in their memorandum and articles of association.

For input, many companies, perhaps the majority, did start out in life as a means of reducing taxation.

The ALP Government's changes to superannuation have fairly effectively destroyed the superannuation angle. (Under the old rules the tax breaks stemming from an only ordinarily rorted private company super scheme were hugely generous, but there are still some taxation advantages, especially for income splitting.)

For the ordinary wage slave, however, forget it. The savings are not really all that enormous until you're on at least \$40,000 a year, have a family and sophisticated financial arrangements.

For instance, a single man or woman on \$40,000 a year would pay exactly the same tax with a company as they would without one, with the slight variation coming via, possibly, the timing differences arising from when you actually pay the tax. Any savings there would of course be more than eaten up by incorporation fees, accountancy costs, and so on. A small-time corporate package, including superannuation and tax returns, would not see much change from two grand.

The savings start to disappear at that figure. For another instance, I calculated that a bloke on \$40,000 a year using a private structure to allocate the money between himself, his non-working wife (although she “helps” in the business) and two working children (who are shareholders but rarely see “their” dividends) could just about more than cover the accountants' fees and other costs with his tax savings but he would need to have something like \$50,000 in the bank, earning interest, or an equivalent-yielding investment, to really make it work out. And this investment would need to be in the wife's name — a bit of a risk these days.

Even doing the bookkeeping yourself, a private company will still cost a couple of hundred a year and it's still touch and go whether the tax savings make it worthwhile.

Which, I suppose, is as it should be. Life is complicated enough without requiring a company seal. If you want to skip tax, become a drug dealer. If you want to convey the impression you are more important than you are, get a letterhead or rubber stamp. It's cheaper.

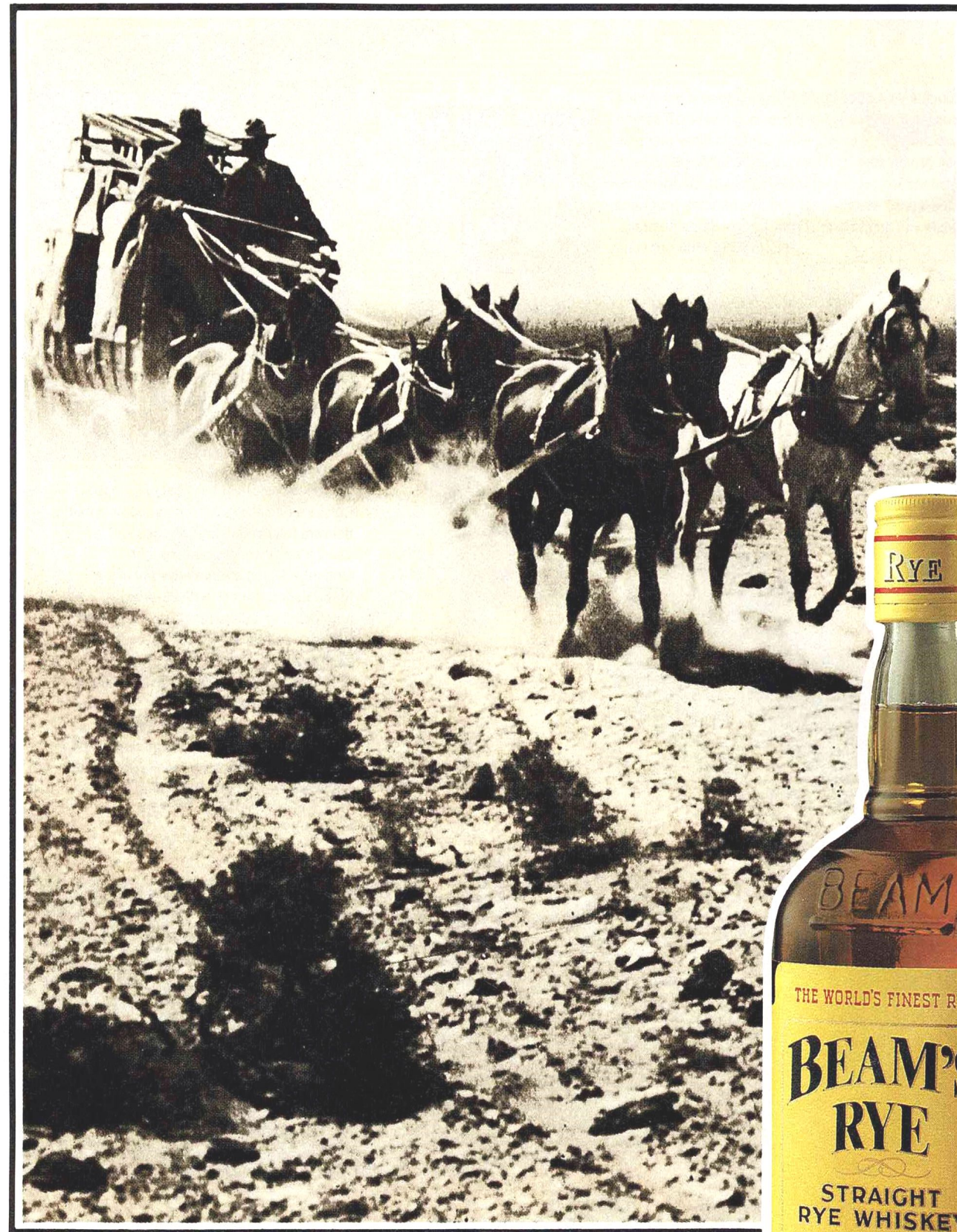
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Illustration by Kerri Leishman



New World without the chandler being liable for any more money than he put into or promised the venture if the fleet sank owing the local bankers heaps of doubloons.

The main use of incorporation



**WHEN ALL A MAN NEEDED
WAS A GUN, A HORSE,
AND A SHOT OF RYE.**



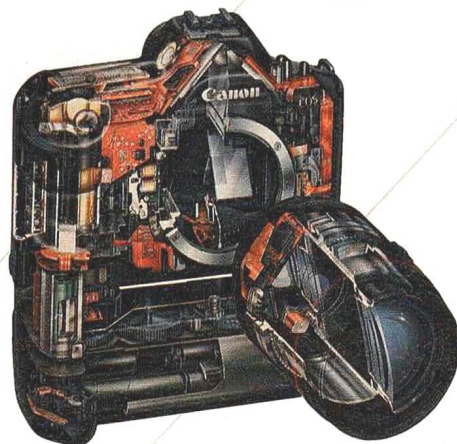
Hitachi's VT-LC50EM is not just a portable VHS video recorder, it also includes a five-inch color LCD screen for on-the-spot viewing, while a built-in tuner receives off-air broadcasts. The unit plays back PAL, NTSC and SECAM standard recordings (so it can be used anywhere in the world) while a timer function handles programs while you hit the town. From Hitachi Sales Australia, it carries a \$3500 pricetag.



Compact Camera of the Year in Europe, Konica's diminutive A4 is pocketable, yet it delivers full frame 35mm images and, at 193g, it's the world featherweight champion. But it's a heavyweight in the features department, with 23-step autofocus, automatic flash, a close-up function, self-timer and a liquid crystal display which includes a frame number read-out and battery power level indicator. A 35mm f3.5 lens does the light work. The slim-line A4 (it's just 63mm in depth) is powered by a lithium battery good for around 850 photographs. Available in either black or silver, it goes for around \$300.



Serious picture-taking weaponry from Canon, the EOS-1 can fire off 5.5 shots per second and it bristles with an armory of features. Among these a shutter with a top speed of 1/8000 of a second, "intelligent" exposure control, and an autofocus system which handles moving subjects without blinking. Despite the long list of features, EOS-1 can be operated single-handedly and just one control is used to enter setting. The choice of EOS system lenses now spans a 15mm ultra wide-angle to a 600mm super telephoto. For starters, the EOS-1 (complete with 50mm lens) costs around \$2900.



If you can't beat 'em, join 'em is presumably the reasoning behind Sony's decision to start marketing VHS format video decks. History records Sony's rival Beta format was given a sound thrashing by VHS, but with over 230 million VCRs in circulation worldwide, there's obviously profits to be made. Sony's top-line VHS VCR (the SLV-757) offers hi-fi stereo sound and digital picture functions including on-screen displays to monitor all functions. A jog control (borrowed from professional editing equipment) provides eight picture search modes from single frame advance to double speed. Prices for Sony VHS decks range between \$579 and \$1449



This Cannondale Black Lightning 3.0 Road Race Frame, fitted with revolutionary Aerospoke wheels, the first ever hollow-spoked bicycle wheels made of carbon fibre-reinforced plastic, is among the most advanced triathlon cycling combinations available. The Road Race Criterium geometry frame was developed with computer-aided design and engineering to emphasise stability, comfort, speed and stiff efficiency. From Woollys Wheels, Sydney (02) 331 2671, the bike sells for \$4200.



Eye-catching is an apt description of Bang & Olufsen's latest visionary design which swivels on a motorised mount to provide the best viewing position. Operation of the LX5500 is entirely via remote control (which also drives the companion VX5000 VCR) and the television incorporates a hi-fi amplifier and powerful bass reflex speakers, both of which mean business in the sound department. In terms of image-making the new B&O TV includes a picture-in-picture facility (PIP to you), on-screen programming prompts, built-in teletext decoder and multi-standard (NTSC, etc) compatibility. TV, video and motor stand sell for a recommended \$9720.

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Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

THE JEALOUSY FACTOR

It ain't easy being green

The instant result of this line of thinking will be jealousy — but notice you did most of it yourself.

A more constructive response would be to think something like, "I feel uncomfortable about this because she hasn't worked back before. But I don't *know* that there is anything going on. It could be a genuine need to work back and I don't want to spoil our relationship by being unreasonable and possessive." Then you say something like, "I feel uncomfortable when you suddenly say you are working back because it's something you haven't done before. If this is likely to happen often, I'd like to discuss what we both see as reasonable working hours."

**"The truth is that the
most common threats come from
within the relationship, not
outside."**

The second piece of unrealistic thinking underlying jealousy is to tell yourself you could not cope with losing this relationship. It's never true. Even if she's your wife, you've been married for 30 years and have a flock of kids, you would cope if you lost the relationship. It might be very hurtful and you might need a year or more to work through your grief, but you would survive. The risk in telling yourself that you *need* something that really you *want*, but could do without, is that you tend to try too hard to get it. Trying too hard, you are less effective than you would be if you stood back a bit and said, "I want,

to keep this relationship and I'll be sorry if I lose it, but I could cope with that."

Jealousy is based on the pie theory of human emotions. According to this theory we each have a pie, a fixed amount, of love or sexual attraction. If my partner gives a slice of her love or sexual attraction to someone else, then she must have less left to give to me. So I should feel threatened and jealous if she seems to feel love for or is sexually attracted to someone else. This theory is so popular that I have even seen some men who are jealous of their wives' love for their children.

The pie theory has never had any scientific support. The more your partner feels free to feel love

What you need to agree on is whether and how those feelings are to be *expressed*. Most couples get serious with the the assumption that they will be "faithful", meaning they'll not get romantically or sexually involved with anyone else. In fact, most couples are not faithful in this sense forever. They usually have not discussed their expectations of each other in much detail before "the affair" is discovered. Then they do much shouting but not much serious discussion. I suggest you discuss these issues before you need to. Given that you will both almost certainly have feelings of love and sexual attraction for others besides your partner, work out before it happens what you expect each other to do when it happens.

The truth is that the most serious and common threats to relationships come from *within* the relationship, not outside. You may be feeling jealous now because you fear that your partner is getting involved with someone else. But your partner is only likely to get seriously involved with someone else if she already feels there is something lacking in her relationship with you.

How often do you have fun together, especially as a couple? How often do you share companionship, have a yarn, listen to each other? If she's down, can she count on you for support or are you too busy? How much fun are you giving each other sexually? None of these things happen automatically or "naturally." Even in relationships where they happen easily, that's because both partners have made them habits.

Learn to love yourself so that you can accept it when she shows her love for you. Make the effort to show your love for her as a regular part of your relationship. Then you may still feel the occasional twinge of jealousy, but you'll be able to shrug it off on good grounds. ☐

advisor

X-itement

My girl claims she finds X-rated videos disgusting. She really gets angry if she finds one I've borrowed. But recently we went to a party where the classic *Deep Throat* was playing on the VCR, and she was mesmerised. On the way to her flat I slid my hand inside her panties, and she was soaking wet. When I wanted to talk about the effect that the movie had on her, she got mad and cried. She wouldn't let me stay the night, but I'm convinced it would have been a very hot time if I had — and she had just let go. Why won't she simply own up to her erotic feelings?



Numerous studies, backed up by physiological measurements, have shown that women deny the sexual arousal they experience while viewing explicit material. Part of the reason is social: women are taught to deny many of their erotic feelings. It's okay, for instance, for a woman to enjoy sex with a beloved partner. It's often not okay, on the other hand, for a woman to seek gratification outside that love relationship. Next time your girl is mesmerised by porn, act. Don't insist that she talk about it — you'll only make her uneasy. Come now — do you want to be her therapist or lover?

Come alone

My wife has what I believe is a most unusual sex problem. She climaxes easily and repeatedly during intercourse, but she seems incapable of attaining an orgasm by masturbation or by my attentions to her clitoris. Since she won't let me watch her masturbate, I can't tell what she's doing wrong. But I don't know what I'm doing right either. Do you have an explanation or suggestion?

It's true that the converse is far more common: a woman who can come by manual or oral means, but not by fucking. What you describe is not a problem, however, unless she thinks it is and wants to change. Maybe she's happy the way she is. Perhaps she has a very sensitive clitoris and finds direct stimulation too uncomfortable. If this is the case, you probably should apply your ministrations near, but not directly on, her clit. It's also poss-

ible that she feels guilty about masturbation and oral sex, which prevents her from reaching orgasm via these routes. Have you talked to her about her feelings?

Absence and abstinence

My wife and I both travel a lot for our jobs. Sometimes we don't see each other for a week. If I don't masturbate, I wake up with sticky sheets, like a kid. She swears she doesn't masturbate. She says that it's boring, and that she likes the intense feeling of sexual release after abstinence. I have trouble believing a healthy 25-year-old woman isn't either masturbating or, worse, cheating on her husband. The other possibility is that she's having orgasms when she dreams, and she doesn't realise it. What do you think? And how could I find out?

Why don't you believe her? How are you going to prove masturbation or dreaming to orgasm? And abstinence, as you probably know, really does provoke more powerful orgasms when relief is at hand. Examine your motives. What's really wrong here: don't her orgasms upon reunion feel intense enough to you?

All day sucker

I like sucking a woman's clitoris. When I pull on it with my lips, I can feel the honey forming inside her own walls. I like to continue sucking until that honey seeps through the walls and covers my mouth and tongue. Occasionally, women will tell me that I'm sucking too hard. More often, however, women complain that I kiss too

hard. Why would they be happy with the way I perform cunnilingus and not with the way I kiss? Isn't the clitoris more sensitive than the mouth?

Some men are more inclined to suck a woman's lips rather than kiss them. Perhaps this is what you do — and what some of your partners find objectionable. Yes, the clitoris is more sensitive than the mouth. But when you suck the lips, you suck them directly, and when you suck the clitoris, you're really sucking around it, aren't you? You must be doing the latter right, or by now you'd have been told you weren't. Remember, sucking is not an all-

purpose manoeuvre. Some body parts can withstand the pressure, and others can't. Try more pucker when you kiss.

Cock and bull story

Isn't there a new and secret way of enlarging one's penis? I know you've heard this question before, but I have good reason for asking it. At the gym where I work out, I've heard that certain steroids can make your cock grow. The guy who sells them has a schlong you wouldn't believe. I may try this method. How long should I have to wait for results?

It isn't true! Steroids absolutely cannot increase penis size. They can increase muscle bulk, but only at great risk to the body. The cock is not a muscle. In fact, steroids, which are synthetic male hormones, have some extremely negative side-effects. They cause the testicles to cease producing testosterone, which can result in their shrinkage. Steroids also lower sex drive. We can't emphasise strongly enough that these drugs are very, very bad for your body. The man who sells them has an unbelievable schlong because of genetics, not steroids.

Neighbors

My girlfriend and I decided to share our innermost fantasies. I told her mine, which involves two women tying me down and having their wicked way with me. She was intrigued with the intricate erotic scenario and said she'd be willing to join another woman in a threesome with me. Then she said her fantasy was to make love with my

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

neighbor, who's only 19. I promised her I wouldn't let anything she said make me think badly of her, but that was before this. Now I find myself being turned off during sex whenever I have a fleeting thought of her and my neighbor together. What can I do?

If your sexual relationship with her is good enough, you'll get over this blow to your ego. Hers isn't a particularly bizarre or unusual fantasy. At 19, your neighbor is at the peak of his sexual prowess. I hope you've learned from this that sharing intimate secrets can be dangerous.

Curling orgasms?

I am having an affair with a very hot woman who is almost 20 years older than I am. She doesn't look it, and she certainly doesn't fuck like it. There's only one thing about her that bothers me, however — she talks too cutesy. She divides her orgasms into

30 years. Women now are more sexually aggressive than I ever would have expected, and as a result, I am constantly plagued by erection problems. Don't modern women understand that they are intimidating men by their insatiable demands? Where can I find a woman who enjoys sex immensely yet doesn't simply grab me by the penis when she's in the mood?

Really, women aren't as scary as you think they are. Today, women are better at saying what they need sexually and it hasn't turned men impotent. Men can also more easily admit to problems now. I'm assuming you've eliminated other causes of impotence, such as medication and heavy drinking, for example. Why don't you look for a lady whose company you enjoy and let sex happen naturally? Your erection difficulties may stem from pushing yourself into bed too soon.



categories: Big Os, Little Os, Rolling Os, Curling Os and so on. When she's coming, she has to tell me, and exactly in what size and shape. How can I get her to shut up without hurting her feelings? She's already rather sensitive about what I say to her because of the age difference.

You must ask her not to signal her impending orgasms. Surely you can explain, in a very sensitive but direct way, that her commentary becomes distracting. Maybe she affects these phrases in the belief that they make her sound young.

Scared sexless

I am a healthy 50-year-old man, newly divorced and dating for the first time in almost



Tradesman's exit

I am a married woman, aged 28. My husband travels a lot — and I have to do something to satisfy my urges while he is gone. Last summer I was sunbathing in the yard with my top unfastened when a lawn specialist whom my husband had contacted showed up unexpectedly. One thing led to another and I was soon in bed with him. After that we had an affair. It got so hot that for a few months I couldn't smell suntan oil without thinking of his cock. He wants to do the lawn — and me — again this summer. I'm no longer interested in his services, but my husband wants him to take care of the grass again. How do I change my husband's mind without making him suspicious?

Some affairs, though very hot, are limited-run engagements. The fire dies. You are under no obligation to renew his personal "contact" with you this year. If the man did as good a job with the grass as he did with you, your husband might get suspicious if you are too vehemently opposed to rehiring him. Have a good sales pitch ready on behalf of another lawn service — or arrange to be somewhere else on lawn-care days.

Half suspecting

I am seeing a woman who wears the most incredibly erotic lingerie under her business suit when she knows we'll be together that night. I am particularly fond of the half bras. Her lovely breasts appear to be perched on them, waiting for my hands and mouth. Until recently, she wore them only when she knew she'd be seeing me. But twice in the last month I've paid surprise visits to her office, put my hand inside her blouse and discovered that she was wearing one of the half bras. Is she seeing someone else?

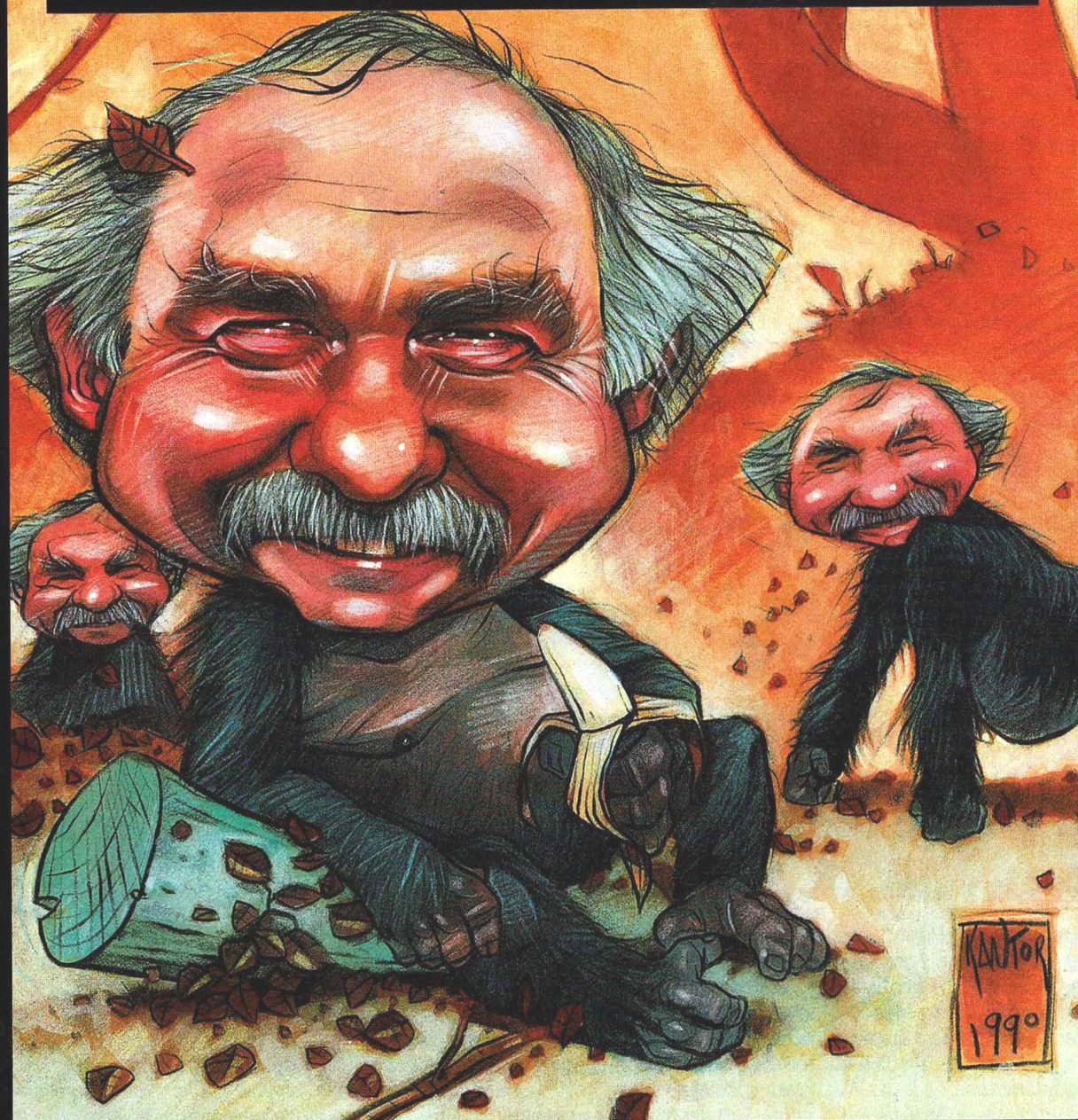
Not necessarily. She may like the feel of her breasts in half bras almost as much as you do. Many businesswomen wear sexy lingerie under their suits — for their own pleasure. How does she respond to your surprise visits? Is she at all disconcerted when you discover her wearing the half bras?

Straight man

I am a 33-year-old man who has never had a homosexual experience. So why do people frequently suspect me of being gay? I've been involved with many women, though I've never been married or engaged. I work in a creative field and wonder if people assume I'm gay because of that. Or can it be because my looks aren't stereotypically macho?

Some people may assume you're gay because of your looks, your profession and your bachelor status. You may be like the man of our acquaintance, a strictly hetero guy, who keeps his love life separate from family, friends and work. Because he's never seen with a woman in tow, people speculate that he's gay. Actually, he's an independent man who would rather not take a woman anywhere where he might be likely meet a new woman and not be able to make a play for her. Does that describe you? ☐

GIBBOS IN THE MIST



KANTOR'S GALLERY



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SUZE RANDALL

Sheila may look as fragile as a frangipani but in reality she can be as feral as a wildcat. "I've got a soft side and an animal side," she admits. "One moment I'll be purring, the next my claws are out."

ANIMAL ATTRACTION

An exotic dancer, Sheila tours the country with her sensual solo act. "You have to learn to make love to an audience, respond to them and use your body," she says. "I revel in it — I come alive on stage."







Off-stage, Sheila spends most of her time unwinding from the rigors of her routines. "Performing takes a lot out of you. I like relaxing and being away from the crowd." Sheila's single at the moment but we're sure it won't be long before she's dancing a duet. "I would like to meet a man who can handle my many moods and knows how to tame the animal in me."





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**DNA fingerprinting, the scientific key
to certainty in criminal and civil cases,
is crying out for a code of ethics**

On a recent visit to Australia the US guru of "genetic crime busting", Dr Bob Shaler, talked about the large number of ladies' underpants he had been asked to examine. These requests, which he referred to as "peculiar", had been made by frustrated gentlemen who wanted to know if their wives had been unfaithful.

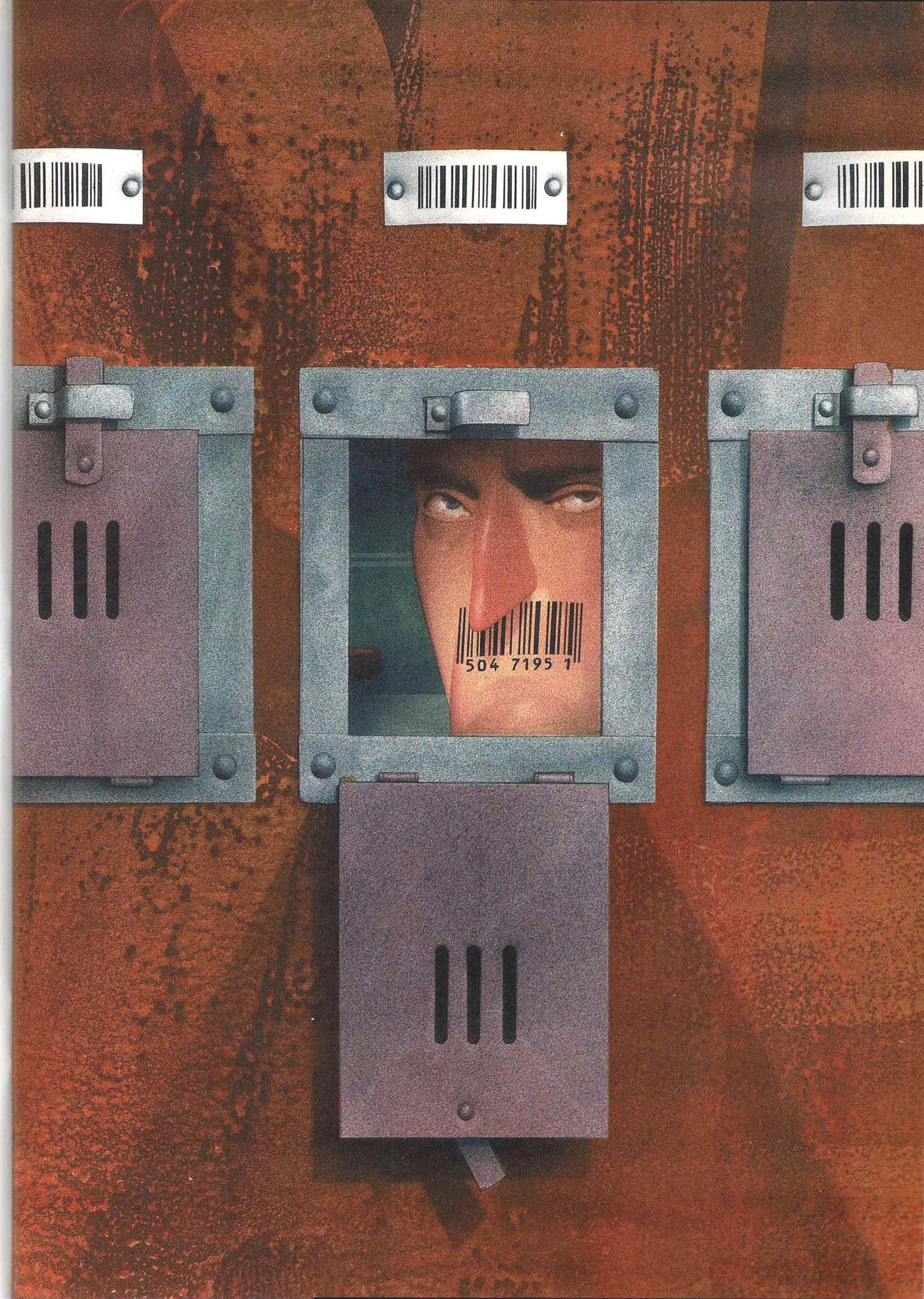
As Director of Serology at the New York City Chief Medical Examiner's Office, the good Dr Bob had only a primitive technology with which to try and answer the \$64,000 question, but he did his level best for no less than 200 men. Generally there was no great certainty about the results, but there were some spectacular successes. "One guy brought 14 pairs of underpants," he remarked. "I identified his wife was going out with three different guys."

Bob Shaler subsequently quit his government job and went to work for a private corporation at the cutting edge of a brand new biotechnology — one which would absolutely guarantee to answer that \$64,000 question one way or the other. And he used the technology to do just that. The process he applied is called DNA profiling, and it is unquestionably the biggest leap forward in forensic science since fingerprinting was discovered at the turn of the century.

DNA molecules are, of course, the building blocks of life, the body's architectural blueprints which carry the genetic codes responsible for making each individual different. Only in identical twins are the DNA codes exactly the same. And the technology is so reliable that if, for example, a vaginal swab was taken from a rape victim and the DNA in the deposited sperm matched that in the blood of a suspect, the

BY LINDA CARTER

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN



BLOOD SIMPLE

chances are one in ten million that he wasn't the one who did the deed.

You don't necessarily need a semen or blood sample, either. A drop of saliva or even a strand of hair will suffice as long as it's attached to the follicle. A DNA sample, if you can match it, is better than having a criminal's signature at the scene of a crime. With scientific back-up like this Sherlock Holmes could have had a frontal lobotomy and still managed to nail Moriarty.

Nobody doubts that DNA profiling is going to make things awfully tough for the bad guys — at least, the ones who have to get a little dirt on their hands. But there are ethical and legal problems even in the criminal detection field — more of which later — so where the hell does that leave us when it comes to Joe Public and the semen traces in his wife's knickers?

When Dr Shaler was scientifically sniffing his way through those dirty undies, did it occur to him that he was standing on the edge of a sheer precipice? DNA profiling has already revolutionised the age-old problem of determining who's the daddy in paternity disputes; it takes no great leap of the imagination to realise that this is only the beginning of a revolution that could have far-reaching consequences for the way we live.

What, for instance, is "peculiar" about a man wanting to know beyond any doubt the extent of his wife's faithfulness? Is there a man or woman on Earth who wouldn't be curious about such a subject? What of all the people who harbor the faintest suspicion they've been adopted? Wouldn't they all jump at the chance to know for certain?

Those are just a couple of examples where the notion of privacy, already under siege, could become a complete anachronism.

Bob Shaler worked for Lifecodes Corporation, which has its own patented system of testing and handles most of the DNA profiling jobs in the US. All he had to say on the moral issues was that the knicker-sniffing venture was not the sort of case Lifecodes encouraged. It's long been established that in America they tend to take the bucks first and ask questions later, if at all — but is this good enough? Does it amount to an exhaustive appraisal of the ethical minefield that DNA profiling could lead us into? Or is this just another case, like the outer reaches of genetic engineering, of everything happening so fast that the horse has bolted before anyone had time to figure out whether the gate should have been shut? What we have got here is a genetic code, all right, but nothing that looks like a genetic code of ethics.

There are no answers to these ques-

tions yet. Just a growing list of people who've used the availability of the new technology to radically alter their lives... generally for better, but in some cases for worse.

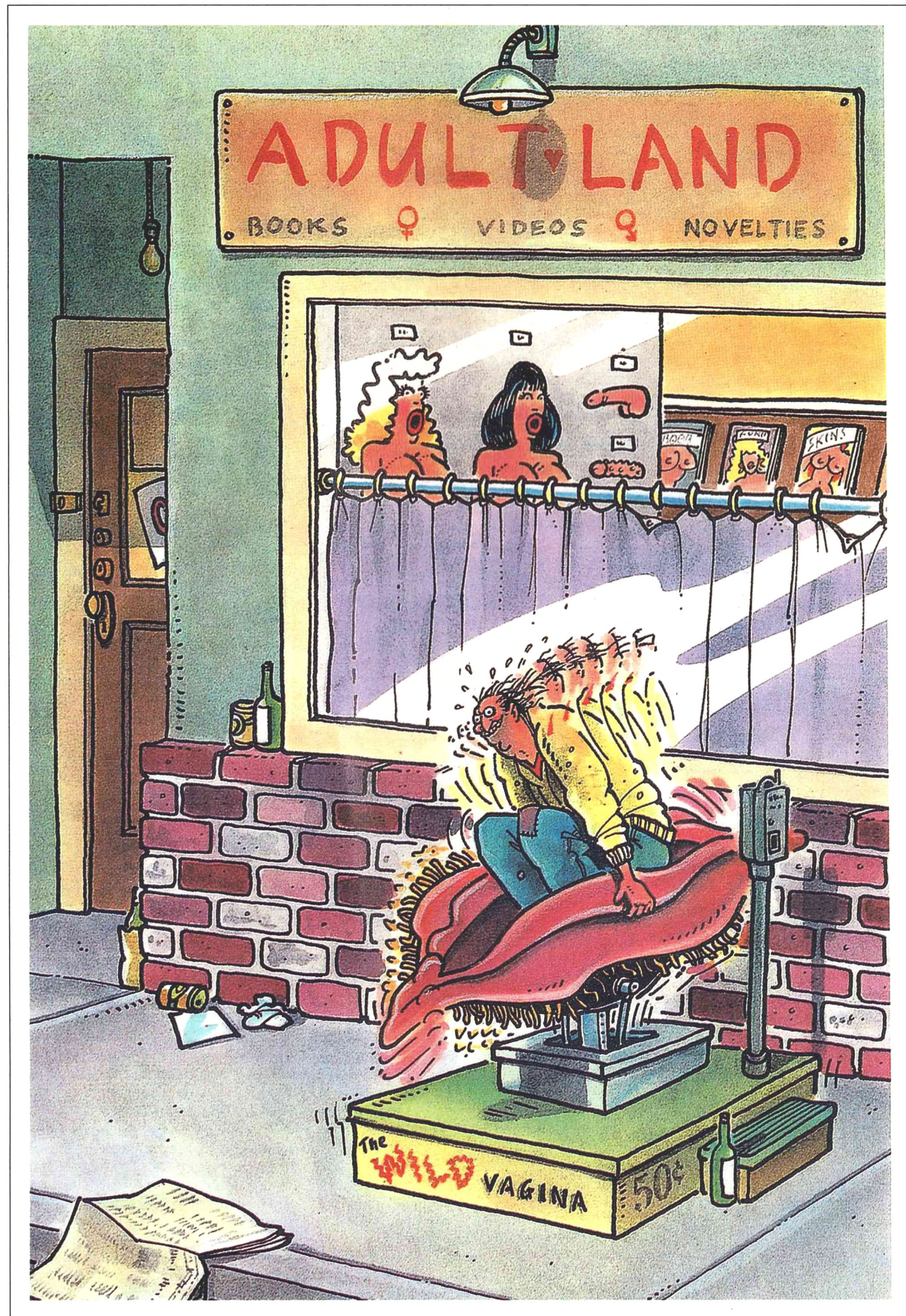
Prior to DNA testing a man could be asked to accept that he was the father of a child simply because they shared the same eye color, or as a result of blood group compatibility — but even that was only about 70 percent accurate, far from being beyond reasonable doubt. DNA profiling provides very, very close to 100 percent certainty.

Genetic Technologies Corporation, the only private lab to undertake DNA profiling in Australia, has been inundated with requests to prove paternity since it opened in April last year. The laboratory is the licensee for Lifecodes in Australia and has been accredited by the Family Law Court and the Federal Attorney-General's office. The boffins at GTC have handled almost 100 paternity cases and 17 forensic cases.

On May 4, 1989 the first high-tech paternity case went before the NSW courts. A couple were ordered to give blood to Genetic Technologies. As recently as 1987 the Family Law Act was amended so that the court would be allowed to make orders that a person undergo a test which could include a surgical procedure — as in a blood test. That person would not be liable



"Look, honey, the baby is moving!"



BLOOD SIMPLE

to a penalty if they refused to comply, but — and this is the crucial part for paternity cases — the court could then draw whatever conclusion appeared reasonable in the circumstances: to wit, this man doesn't want us to see under his genes because he doesn't like what we'll find. So for mothers trying to pin down reluctant dads, there are no real legal obstacles any more. In the past, mothers whose partners did not do the honorable thing had little option but to fill out "father unknown" on the birth certificate. Now there's no need for the woman to be left holding the baby.

Some of the DNA trails have been explored in reverse — as in the case of the doctor who wanted to find out if his parents were his real biological parents. In another unusual case, a Papua New Guinean woman wanted to prove that her 20-year-old daughter was fathered by an Australian man who had no knowledge of the child.

So far, so good. Before we get to the downside of all this, it's fair to say that there are some exceedingly heart-warming cases in which everyone came out smiling. In one such case handled by the legal firm Clayton Utz, the proof of paternity (to within 99.99 percent certainty) resulted in the father asking for access to the child when he had previously ignored its existence.

The mother in that case was 41-year-old Lynette Brown, a Sydney hairdresser. She'd had a relationship with a gem merchant for eight months prior to falling pregnant. The father's initial reaction had been: "It's nothing to do with me. Don't be silly. Do something about it." He then accused her of trying to trap him into marriage, and subsequently left her. Lynette Brown announced the child's arrival late last year in the birth notices of the *Sydney Morning Herald* under the father's surname. But it was not until the DNA profiles came through that the wealthy gem merchant was able to embrace the daughter as his own.

However, in some cases the test results aren't so welcome. One woman's husband had threatened to leave her if the child she was having wasn't his. She wasted no time in arranging for the test and rang the lab from the hospital shortly after giving birth. Sadly, the hubby did not turn out to be the daddy. A very tough break for all concerned.

Another woman who worked for the Department of Defence in Canberra has good cause for wishing that DNA had never been discovered. She'd known her *de facto* husband, a police officer, for 14 years, they had a combined income of about \$100,000 and she considered herself to be comfortably in the Yuppie class.

Until the DNA test. When the *de facto*

found out he wasn't genetically related to the child he pulled the plug on the relationship, leaving her to quit her job in Canberra, sell up the properties and move to Bathurst, where the real father, a public servant, has offered her a home and his name. "I was better off with the doubt than going through with the test," she told *Penthouse*.

Whether we're talking about underwear analysis or paternity testing or whatever, a lot of people will be better off with the doubt. If you're thinking of jumping in the deep end, for whatever reason, remember there are no excuses with DNA profiling, no ifs, buts or maybes. For the determined, "paternity triplets" (that's what they call them) cost a bargain \$950 at Genetic Technologies, while forensic samples go for anything up to \$400.

There is no question that some of the most vicious crimes in the book would

As Dr Shaler scientifically sniffed those dirty undies, did it occur to him that he was standing on the edge of a sheer precipice?

never have resulted in convictions without the help of the latest biotechnology. The Narborough murders case is a classic example.

When two 15-year-old girls were raped and strangled in 1983 and 1986 in the small English village of Narborough, police instigated a massive manhunt.

The murders had been particularly brutal. The tongue of one of the victims was found to have been gouged by her own teeth as she died. The second victim, who had received a "commando-type chop", had been battered and bugged before her death.

Police made little progress until a kitchen porter confessed to one of the crimes. He had a history of molesting children.

A sample of his blood was supplied to a British scientist, Dr Alec Jeffreys, who had been a pioneer in the development of DNA profiling and had already made legal history by proving that a French teenager was the true father of an English divorcee's child. Jeffreys' methods were patented by the British company ICI (Cellmark Diagnostics). He'd read about

the Narborough murders and was keen to help.

His test results were a big surprise to everyone but the kitchen porter, who must have been a compulsive confessor. He wasn't the murderer, but the tests confirmed that the same man had killed both girls.

What followed was an extraordinary procedure that was to have all sorts of ramifications for crime fighters. Police visited the village with dozens of GPs in tow. The doctors took turns at "bleeding" 3653 local men and boys. (Many refused, not on account of the invasion of privacy but because they were terrified of needles.)

In any case, the murderer managed to elude capture. He got one of his mates to give blood for him. But his savior couldn't keep his mouth shut in the local pub. The gossip led to the detaining of one Colin Pitchfork, who was forced to give a blood sample. His subsequent confession was described as "a cold confession of evil."

Australia hasn't yet witnessed a scene as bizarre as the Narborough forensic festival, documented in Joseph Wambaugh's book *The Bleeding*. Because the technology is so new, the courts are still grappling with the legalities involved in taking blood: whether police have the right to take blood from an accused person and whether that person should be charged with a crime first. But DNA is creeping into the legal lingo throughout the country.

In the UK, although intimate body samples such as blood, semen, saliva or pubic hair are not to be taken without the written consent of a person detained for questioning, a jury can be invited to draw adverse inferences — as in paternity suits — if the person refuses.

In some Australian states force can be used to extract blood from an accused; in others it can't. In NSW a person can only be forced to give a sample if he or she has been charged with a crime.

Ken Gilson, a criminal lawyer who's acting for a juvenile currently before the NSW courts on charges of rape and murder, said he couldn't deny that the "overall conclusion" made by lawyers working on the case was that DNA profiling was "reasonably foolproof."

"What it leaves us with is a major attack on the continuity of the samples — that is, the travelling of the samples (in this current case, around the world), and whether or not they were interfered with," he said. "There's not much else."

Gilson believes DNA testing can put the defence at a disadvantage. In the case he's working on, the Crown has stated that the DNA found on swabs in the vagina of the victim matched that in the blood sample from one of the accused, which was sent to England for testing. "The vaginal swab has been destroyed because there was only sufficient to do one test. The Crown therefore has a monopoly on the forensic evidence."

"We also have to be sure, if we're putting someone away for life, that no police officer keen on a conviction could have tampered with any sample used for testing. Even if it costs the state a lot of money, the sample should be independently monitored as soon as it's put into police custody. There should be a provision for overseeing the testing."

Probably the most successful use of biotechnology in Australia so far was in the case of 38-year-old George Edward Kaufman, who raped 14 women over a period of four years. His victims were aged between 21 and 55.

While Kaufman was serving time for burglary offences the rapes ceased, but this was scarcely enough evidence to convict him. Police, suspecting Kaufman, asked the Victorian Forensic Science Laboratory for help with a DNA test. (This lab, a sublicensee of Lifecodes, handles all the forensic prosecution work in Victoria and has lent its expertise to most other states.)

Initially Kaufman refused to give blood and the boffins had to resort to analysing the blood of his estranged wife and daughter. Eventually, confronted with DNA profiling linking him to five of the crimes, Kaufman confessed to all of them and was convicted of a multitude of aggravated rape charges.

In NSW, the first time DNA was discussed forensically was in the Sandra Peresan case. Peresan was murdered —

stabbed seven times while her boyfriend was handcuffed to a tree at Georges Hall on September 7, 1988.

The Peresan samples made up one of three sets of samples sent to the United Kingdom last year for testing by ICI, the company which patented Dr Alec Jeffreys' technique in the Pitchfork case. A 31-year-old man has been charged with the murder and has yet to appear before a jury.

DNA has already been used to eliminate suspects, as in the Pitchfork case when the kitchen porter was denied the opportunity to be detained at Her Majesty's pleasure.

In the case of the rape-murder of Shirley Burgess, a middle-aged Tasmanian woman, DNA tests helped eliminate ten suspects. And DNA profiling results were among the reasons given by the NSW Director of Public Prosecutions for dropping 25 rape-related charges against former senior police officer Harry "The Hat" Blackburn. At the time of writing a long-running Royal Commission was still inquiring into the circumstances surrounding Blackburn's arrest and the subsequent decision to drop all charges. Evidence has been given that police knew Blackburn's blood grouping was different from that of some of the samples even before they sent his blood to England for DNA testing by ICI.

This year the NSW Government Analyti-

cal Laboratories at Lidcombe in Sydney will carry out DNA profiling for the State using the Lifecodes technology. Government scientists are hard in training for the onset of the brave new biotechnological world. Victoria leads the pack in Australia, though, being the first state to offer a DNA profiling service as part of its criminal justice system. Victoria's forensic lab has already handled 40 criminal cases.

But the ACT was the first place to secure a conviction using the new technology. The accused in this case was Desmond Applebee, who faced three sexual assault charges. He changed his defence during the course of the trial from "I wasn't there" to "Police are not credible" and finally to the assertion that the woman "consented."

Applebee had told police that on the night a young woman was sexually assaulted in a park he had been driving from a friend's house and had "blacked out" for an hour. When he came to, he'd driven back to the home of his friend, who had accompanied him to hospital.

Doctors who gave evidence at the trial said Applebee had given none of the usual symptoms of a blackout, the time he said he was unconscious seemed too long, and they found the whole story hard to believe. But it wasn't until the DNA evidence was introduced that Applebee changed his de-

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GLASNOST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP MOND

Sizzling Sasha, a Russian *emigre*, reveals the glamorous side of glasnost. "I'm all for the new Soviet spirit of freedom. Openness is my philosophy. I'd like to return there and show them how open I can be," she says.







Sasha wants to become an actress, more specifically, a Soviet superstar. "I've always wanted to act. I'd love to be a sex symbol of celluloid — I'm not afraid to play the *femme fatale*." With her assets, she may well become Russia's answer to Marilyn Monroe.





BY GLENN A. BAKER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STUDIO DOOR 34

THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME

ROCK stars of the Sixties had to learn to live with a spate of paternity suits, which they dubbed "The Big P." No sooner had a hot scream sensation passed through a city than the accusing letters bearing that burg's postmark would arrive. Often too stoned to know the quantity, let alone the names, of the groupies they'd laid on tour, the young idols would dutifully send off their \$5000 cheque to the mother of the supposedly dishonored damsel.

The musical heavyweights of the Eighties have their own Big P syndrome to deal with, and no measly five grand will buy them relief. The tag today applies to a more infuriating disruption to a superstar's otherwise charmed life — a plagiarism suit. Indeed, all a struggling unknown songwriter has to do is cry "He stole my song!" and the onus is on the star to prove that he or she didn't, regardless of the flimsiness or even transparent dishonesty of the claim, which will generally be seeking a seven-figure compensation.

In recent years, Mick Jagger, Barry Gibb, Boy George, Stevie Wonder, George Harrison, Dolly Parton, Adam Ant, George Michael, Ray Parker Jnr, Billy Joel and Sting have all discovered that

Some of the mightiest names in the music industry are finding out what it's like to be labelled "thief."

their wealth can be used to buy the sort of enforced privacy which can shield them from the presence of lesser mortals, but it cannot protect them from the one claim that is so easy to make but so extremely difficult to defend: the damning accusation of musical theft.

These days, so prevalent is the scenario of unknowns claiming to have mailed cassettes to their favorite star for their opinion, and then charging them with melodic or lyrical burglary six months later, that an increasing number of performers are refusing to accept any material not forwarded to them by a *bona fide* music



THE SONG

publishing company. More than one famous name has learned through bitter experience that a creative career can be thrown into disarray as a consequence of a simple walk down the drive to the letter box.

Paranoia is setting in, as exemplified by Billy Joel's action in publicly calling Reno songwriter John Powers "a poor little schlump, a creep who says I stole his song." On top of a plagiarism suit, the Long Island balladeer then had to handle slander and libel suits filed in the Nevada Supreme Court. When it comes to actually facing the bar, he certainly doesn't have the recent advantage of Dolly Parton, who walked away from court a winner after displaying the full force of her charms to the jury. Her accuser swiftly appealed, on the grounds that the predominantly male jury was too starstruck by the Tennessee mountain girl's presence to be impartial.

Far more lucrative than feigned whip-lash and far less strenuous than ambulance chasing, plagiarism claims are heaven-sent for scam merchants and their shyster lawyers. Fortunately, despite the American legal system's marked propensity for encouraging litigation lunacy, most of the obvious crooks get weeded out in lower courts. A handful with stronger cases, some of whose plaintiffs are truly convinced of the validity of their claim, will wrap their incisors around a prey's ankle and not unlock their jaws until the last avenue is exhausted.

One example: a Chicago schoolteacher who claimed that a song demo he had sent to the manager of the Bee Gees became the basis of the group's 1977 hit "How Deep Is Your Love?". The stakes in this, one of America's most celebrated and protracted copyright infringement trials, were incredibly high, the song having been included on the almost 30-million selling *Saturday Night Fever* album.

Barry Gibb, a songwriter since his pre-teen years with more than 1000 titles to his credit, was not one to quietly settle out of court to avoid adverse publicity and disruption to his life. He fought the claim strenuously on the basic premise: "Why would I need to steal somebody else's song?" After weeks of hearings in Chicago involving sound and composition experts, Gibb was all set for a victory. He didn't get it, at least on the first ruling. Undeterred, he went back to court and won on appeal. The eventual toll was months of his time and unavoidable damage to his reputation.

Not so fortunate was George Harrison, who was ordered to yield up his composer's royalties on the 1970 number one "My Sweet Lord" to American songwriter Ronnie Mack, who claimed that the former Beatle had swiped the melody of his song "He's So Fine", a 1963 hit for

The Chiffons. The judge ruled that the plagiarism may have been subconscious but it was plagiarism nonetheless.

This was not the first time that Harrison's songs had been compared to previously published works. His "Taxman", during Beatle days, was not unlike Neil Hefti's original "Batman" theme, and there are a couple of instances where musical nods to his friend and hero Bob Dylan might be said to be more than just the result of creative inspiration. That he was a moderately good writer trying to stand his ground alongside the acclaimed Lennon & McCartney partnership provides a plausible explanation for possible peccadillos.

Which still leaves us to wonder who first came up with the phrase "Something in the way she moves", which became a song title for James Taylor and the opening line of Harrison's song for The Beatles, "Something" — both of them on

Very likely the only reason many original song writers don't sue is that they stole the thing themselves.

the Apple label. EMI recording logs show that Taylor recorded his song in July 1968 and Harrison his in May 1969. (In fairness to George, it should be mentioned that a large chunk of his own "While My Guitar Gently Weeps" turned up in Cheap Trick's 1982 hit "If You Want My Love").

Claims of song theft certainly did not originate with the rock 'n' roll boom. In 1945, actor/comedian Morey Amsterdam and two associates lost their writing royalties on the huge Andrews Sisters hit "Rum And Coca Cola" when a court ruled that it had been stolen from Lionel Belasco's "L'Annee Passee", a Jamaican calypso song written in 1906. And 40 years later, Mick Jagger was accused by Jamaican reggae artist Patrick Morley of stealing the melody and key lyrics of his "Just Another Night" for a song of identical title on his debut solo album. Morley's song was no rough demo; it had been on a 1982 UK-released album which sold 30,000 copies.

Usually, it is when professional songwriters yell "We were robbed!" that claims tend to be successful. In the celebrated instance of the *Ghostbusters* film

theme, the case never even made it to the court. Ray Parker Jnr had been assigned to write a title song in the vein of the Huey Lewis & The News hit "I Want A New Drug (Called Love)." It would seem that Parker took his brief a bit too literally, leaving the way open for Lewis to garner a large portion of the song's immense royalties.

Similarly, a case involving Culture Club's biggest hit, "Karma Chameleon," has not and probably will not be settled in a court. Just as the song reached number one in America, veteran pop and soul hitwriter Otis Blackwell claimed that his composition "Handy Man", a hit for Jimmy Jones, Del Shannon and James Taylor, had been infringed. "Close but no cigar" was the initial response to the accusation by Virgin Records. Nothing was heard of the stoush thereafter.

Stubbly teen sensation George Michael was also scornful of charges levelled at him by Barry Manilow. The syrupy crooner had decided that the Wham! hit "Last Christmas" was too close for comfort to his 1978 charter "Can't Smile Without You." Michael insisted he hadn't even subconsciously copied Manilow's song and that "greed and opportunism" lay behind the action. After it was widely publicised that all royalties from the song were going to African famine relief, the suit was withdrawn. (Michael was later accused by a girl in Melbourne of using, in songs that bore his copyright, words from poems she had sent him for his edification.)

Stevie Wonder had no option but to loudly defend himself against claims made by an old Motown writing partner to the effect that he had appropriated his material for "I Just Called To Say I Love You", the featured song from the Gene Wilder film *The Woman In Red*. At stake was the Oscar he had been handed for the work — a trophy he would have been obliged to hand back if he was found guilty, which he was not.

George Young is Australia's most successful rock songwriter, his works having been recorded by David Bowie, Rod Stewart, Grace Jones, the Divinyls and John Farnham, among many others. Like most professional hitmakers, he is ever conscious of any possible subconscious influences over his craft. "Occasionally I might hear a small snatch of something else in a song I've written," he explains. "So I ponder it for a few days until I realise the connection. Then I weigh it up to see if it's too close and, if it is, I back right off. Copying is repugnant, a cheap way to make a dollar which demeans the writer. Not only is it boring and unoriginal, it's outright theft. Unfortunately, when I turn on the radio, every second song I hear sounds like something else."

Though never guilty of plagiarism, Young and partner Harry Vanda have been its regular victims — from the distinctive guitar pattern on the 1966

Easybeats' hit "Sorry" to the duo's biggest international success, "Love Is In The Air" — a hit in a score of countries for John Paul Young which has been recorded by more than 50 other artists. George Young recalls: "I heard a Roger Whittaker song on the radio a couple of years ago and, instrumentally, the middle seemed a plain copy of John's hit. It was like when I first heard ELO's 'Telephone Line' in 1977. I thought, this is nice — somebody is doing a new version of 'Hello, How Are You?' [the Easybeats' second UK hit, in 1968]." In fact, the song bore Jeff Lynne's writing credit and made no money at all for Vanda & Young, despite the obvious transplanting of the chorus of their song into the opening of his.

George Young has always opted not to pursue litigation, but not so generous is prolific, award-winning country writer Allan Caswell, whose theme to the *Prisoner* television series, "On The Inside", was an Australian platinum single, a top three UK chart entry, and an American country hit for Patti Page. In 1986, Caswell received a call from television compere Donnie Sutherland, who said he had seen John Schneider of the *Dukes Of Hazzard* TV series on *Solid Gold* singing, as he put it, "'On The Inside' with different words." The song was in fact Schneider's then-current US hit "What's A Memory Like You Doing In A Place Like This?"

Although his local publisher would not

back him in a legal challenge, Caswell still claims that the song was identical in melody to the first two verses of his own international hit, which had been widely heard across America courtesy of the cult television series. "I have a very forgiving nature," he now shrugs, "but whenever I hear Schneider's hit, it irritates the shit out of me! I should have sued."

So should many thousands of other songwriters. Given the cannibalistic nature of rock music, it is surprising that plagiarism cases are not even more prevalent. After all, rhythm & blues and, by extension, rock 'n' roll have traditionally been created from three chords and it is only the fact that a chord sequence cannot be copyrighted in the same manner as melody and lyrics that has saved the bacon of a great many writers. "We all build slightly different buildings using the same colored bricks," contends Sydney pianist/bandleader Bob Taylor, recipient of six Mo Awards.

Rock music is now 35 years old and the volume of songs written and performed under its umbrella is beyond computation. Given the limited number of chord progressions, ever-escalating plagiarism is inevitable, particularly in America where, as George Young explains it, "The pressure to follow up a hit and keep more hits coming is incredible." Generally, if you think you've heard a current chart-topper somewhere else before, the chances are

that you have. And very likely the only reason why the original writer doesn't sue is that he may have stolen the thing himself way back when.

Anybody listening to pop radio at the end of 1969 would have been stopped dead in their tracks by Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love", a piece of music so revolutionary in its structure and delivery that it was impossible not to be impressed by the achievement, even if you didn't actually like it. However, the achievement becomes rather less impressive when you turn up the first Small Faces album, released more than three years previously, and listen to the track "You Need Loving", which is so similar to the Led Zeppelin song it might well have been Zep's original demo. Either Robert Plant and company were big Small Faces fans during their adolescence or they were all listening to the same blues albums.

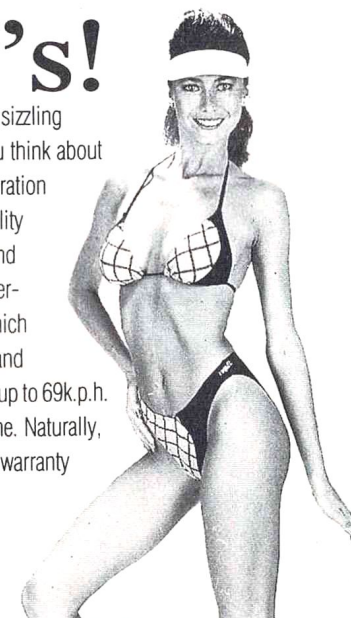
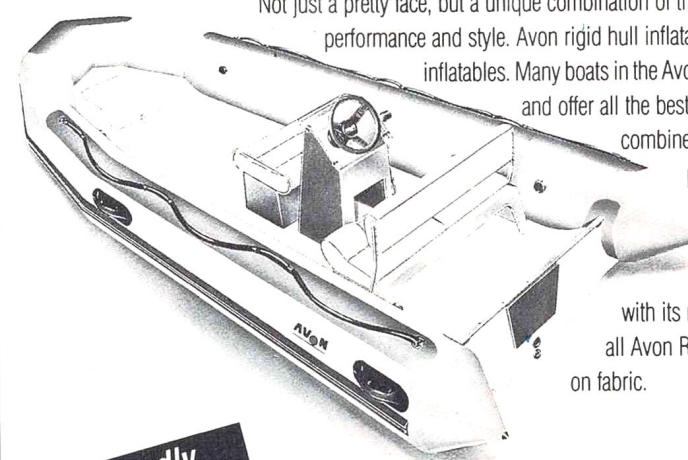
Certainly the Yardbirds were listening to Johnny Burnette Trio records, because it was from Burnette's "Train Kept A Rolling" that they took their own "Stroll On" for their spot in the film *Blow Up*.

Citing a "common source" is how many errant songwriters beat a plagiarism rap. If you can prove that the man suing you took his song from a certain source you can claim to have done exactly the same thing. Just come up with a handy blues hook and

Continued on page 110

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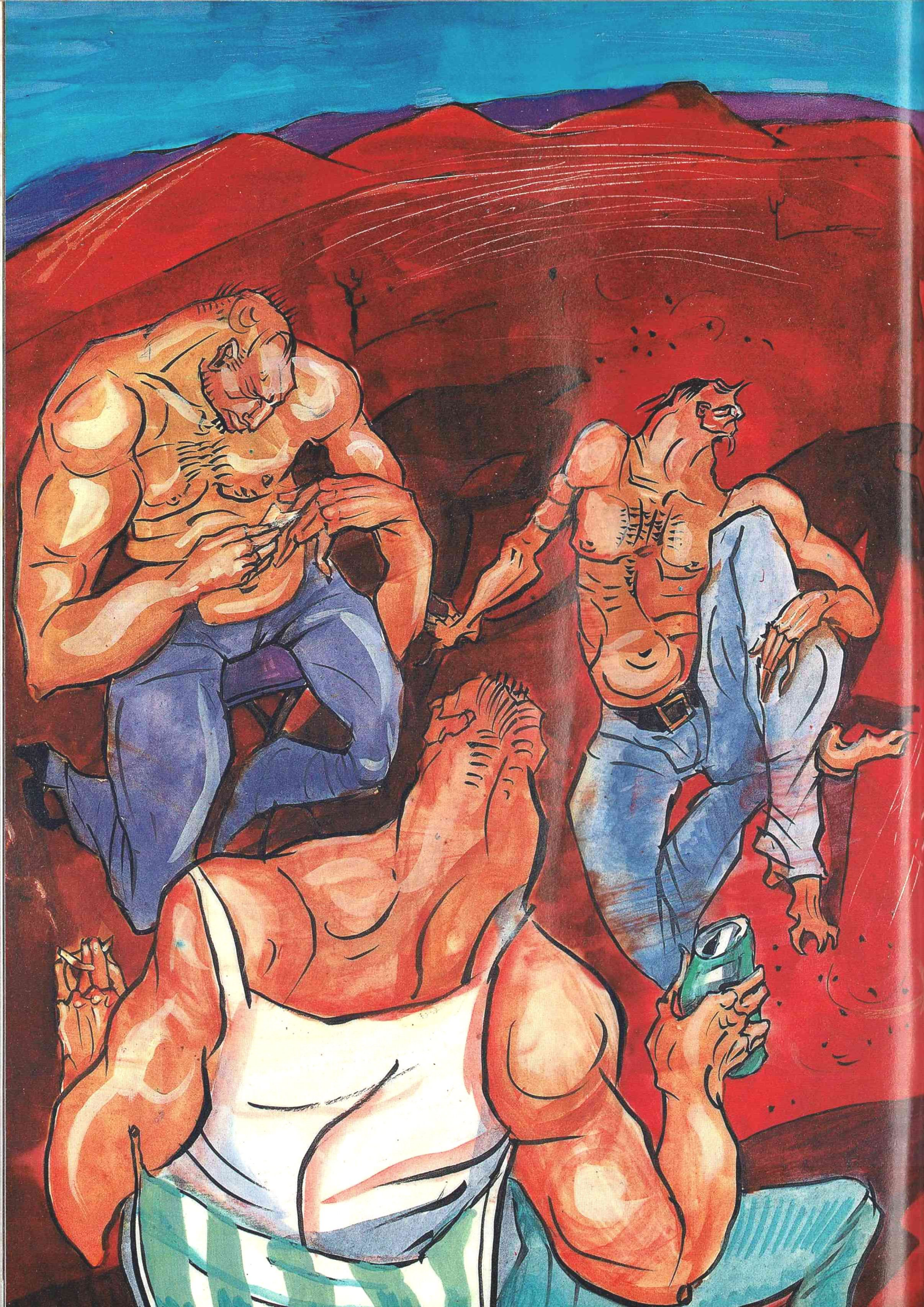
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mates

FICTION BY LEE FRANK

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I'll tell ya how things were an' how things got to be as they are.

It was summer an' even though we weren't budgin' an inch, the heat was still wreckin' us. Brad sunk another tinny, burped an' let the can drop to the sand. It landed without a sound but the flies knew what was goin' on and flew up from the meatscraps to rip into it. Troy was beside me rollin' another joint, his big gorilla face wrigglin' slow and confused-like as he fumbled with the papers an' went on croonin' another bloody ad from 8HA. That, like I said, was back in summer. The time we hung round doin' nuthin'; scratchin' our arses, swattin' flies, waitin' for Nic to give us the go-ahead. Out of the shade of the tarps the heat made the drums crack and buckle an', further off, at the edge of the camp, the dunes rolled away, one long red bastard after another.

"Eh, waddya reckon 'bout these heads? Fuckin' wild or what?" That'd be Troy. You could feel him hangin' there, achin' for us to say somethin' but we said nothin' and he

went back to his jingle. Of course, Nic wasn't anywhere to be seen. The radio was jabberin' and we knew only too well what he was up to. Brad cracked another can, watched the foam run over the sides and tried to remember the last time we worked. I told him to shove it and Troy handed me the joint.

As we lay there smokin', it got to be pretty quiet and, with nowhere else to go, our eyes drifted back to Nic's van. They'd been in there for ages, the three of 'em: Nic, his gash and the radio. No matter what we did or how we did it we could never stop wondering about Nic and his woman. We'd sit roun' the oil drums pissin' on, smokin', laughin' but always listenin', always keepin' an ear out for the tell-tale groans or the squeaks of the bed springs. But there was nuthin', nuthin' but the bloody radio going on and on.

What with the heat and the radio blabbin', everything became blurry. We didn't know how long it'd been since we worked or got fresh water, went shootin' or even saw Nic. We passed theories round just like we passed the joints; puffed on 'em, mulled on 'em, and then lost the

cunts. Still we couldn't figure it out. And so we waited there, a part of a team, a mutilated part, waitin' and waitin' for Nic and his nameless woman to come out of the van and make things right again.

After a while it became like a game.

Brad'd sit there on the edge of the oil drum, his baby-face sneer aimed at the ground; just sittin' there, windin' his foot in an' out of the sand, and Troy — true to stupid form — Troy would go an' throw some rocks across Brad's little doodle. Brad'd look up and kick the stones across the yard.

"Eh shitface, fuck off!"

And Troy'd go: "I'll do what I like, cunt."

"Ya reckon?"

"Too right I fuckin' reckon."

And Brad'd stand up then. "Well you're a prick. If ya get ya hand off ya tool we'll see if ya got the guts behind that mouth." Then it'd be Troy's turn to be up. "Don't

**The great outdoors,
bulk tinnies and dope,
and good buddies . . .
who could ask
for anything more?**

worry about my guts, cunt. I've been wantin' to deck you for fuckin' ages."

And they'd be at it again. Brad'd kick Troy in the balls. Troy'd fall down gaspin'. Brad would move in quick, grab Troy's head, give it a good toss down an' then clean it up with one nice long slow dropkick.

While they fucked about I kept on lookin' at the van. The best explanation I reckon, the one that still makes the most sense to me, is that the radio helped them in silently fucking each other. Nic had done this kind of work before. He'd done it so many times he'd lost count, so it wasn't going too far overboard to think he knew some tricks. One of the essentials, I mean one of the most important tricks, would have been knowing how to fuck the tits off ya woman without makin' one tiny sound. It stands to reason. Ya can't make a racket; it'd get ya mates' back up. It'd be like smackin' ya lips over ya favorite beer while ya best mate died of thirst two feet in front of ya. Ya gotta do right by ya mates. Ya mates stand by ya; an' they matter more than just another piece of gash.

See, the thing is, when we started, Nic had a special place. It was Nic that took care of things. The rest of us could be wankin' ourselves blind tossin' some bullshit idea about the place and just for a joke we'd ask Nic if he could swing it. Most of the time — not all mind you, but most — he'd lean forward real tight, his big body hunched up like a ferret's, an' say: "Yeaarp, I reckon we're fuckin' laughing."

That's how we got the transport of piss. It was our last night in town. Troy'd been runnin' amok over women again. We'd been thrown out of the last pub an' Troy was screamin' for a drink. Brad laughed, a real cruel bastard-type laugh, an' said from now on poor Troy was gonna have to hit the wagon, wasn't he? I could see a blue brewin' so I hopped in between 'em an' said it'd be all right. Given time we'd work somethin' out, no worries.

"Yeah, like what?" Brad sneered. "Get a whole fuckin' transport of the stuff I s'pose?"

It was a crazy idea but it got chucked around backwards and forwards till, after a strange quiet, it kinda ended up at Nic's feet; and there he was all hunched up an' rockin' on his heels.

And so we got our transport of piss; an' with that an' our dope we got our work done. We'd been sloggin' it out for ten hard weeks when one mornin' Nic announced he had some news. It was Monday, he said, an' he explained that after a bit of snoopin' aroun' he'd found out that this comin' Thursday was Troy's birthday. He proposed we chuck a party.

We all gave a cheer and agreed on it. We were about to head off to work when he said there was somethin' else he had to

tell us. Of all things, he said, the very next day he had to go into town to pick up his woman. We never heard anything about this, never even suspected he had some secret gash tucked away somewhere. We gave him a lotta shit about it, but as soon as we got into the Toyota it sorta faded away an' we got on to the more serious business of thinkin' how shitfaced we'd be for Troy's birthday.

Troy's birthday . . . It wasn't somethin' easy to forget, especially with Troy thumpin' ya back every five minutes to remind ya. It got to be a big occasion. A wild night all right, an' by the time Brad brought out the birthday cake, a potato with a match jammed into it, we were pissed as newts. Troy was outa his tree, went roun' howlin' as he threw sticks of gelly into the fire. Brad called him shit-for-brains and sung Happy Fuckin' Birthday. The gelly blew, rockin' the camp like bloody thunder, an' all the ripped an' flyin'

Nic was
back all right,
cooped up there in
his van with his
gash and a
bloody radio.

earth started rainin' all over us. Troy was laughin' that fee-fi-fo-fum laugh of his.

"Hur! Hur! What are mates for, eh?" Nic came up towards the fire an' gave Troy his present; his old truckie's singlet. It was riddled with holes like it'd been blasted with a shottie an' Nic said that if Troy ever got desperate he could have a good poke for free. Troy liked that an' started laughin' this crazy hiccupin' type thing. That got us all goin'. Soon we were like a buncha kids, runnin' round in the rain of dirt singin' Happy Birthday. Troy was jumpin' up an' down.

"Yer me best mates!" he yelled. "Me best mates!" An' with that this piece of timber came outa nowhere an' whacked him fair on the head. He was out like a light. Nic ran up gigglin' an' lookin' down at the ape-boy's body, an' said: "Yeah mates, you poor stupid bastard." Good solid mates heaved him up an' carried him away from the fire.

Next mornin' me, Brad an' the birthday boy hung roun' the coals nursin' our heads in our hands like we were wounded or something. Nic had the door of his van open an' we could hear him whistlin' over

the buzz of his electric shaver. Troy laid back, cracked another tinny an' handed it over to me. Brad cutesy-do-good-face was lappin' up a porno rag.

"I dunno 'bout you blokes," he said, "but I do know this little boy could do with some nice juicy tunnel."

"Maybe if ya ask nicely Nic might consider hirin' his own out for the night," I snorted.

I finished me beer an' tossed it behind me. Off it went, clatterin' down the little hill we called Tinny Lookout. I pushed myself up an' turned round to face it.

"Eh mate, look at this," I said. "We can tell her we're all fuckin' kings, you know, 'pharaohs' an' this is our pyramid!" An' I pointed to the mountain of stubbies. "We are the Kings of Piss. Bend over, bitch, an' we'll give you the Royal Rod!"

We were splittin' our guts when Nic came over, shaved clean as a fuckin' razor. He walked up smilin'.

"So what's the joke?"

None of us said anythin'. Brad an' Troy nudged their heads towards me.

"C'mon then," he said. "What's so funny?"

"Aw nuthin', Nic," Brad said in an innocent little brat's voice. "Spoof was just wonderin' if ya woman gives good head, that's all."

I hissed at the smart-arse. Our eyes locked an' I could feel the muscles in me throat tightenin'.

"You're a real joker, Brad, you know that? A prize prick!"

"Hey easy, Spoof! I'm just lettin' Nic in on the joke."

Everythin' was still except Nic. He was rockin' nice an' easy on his heels. We could hear the gravel crunch under his boots.

"'S that right Spoof?"

"Eh, fair go Nic! You can smell bullshit when someone's slingin' it in ya face."

He said nuthin', just turned real slow an' climbed into the Toyota, started it up, an' rollin' down his window, said: "Jus' for you blokes' sake, she gives great head; an' since yer me mates I'll tell ya another thing. I'd offer her round but with me here she's gunna be a busy woman; an' besides, she's not gunna go wastin' her time scroungin' over little men's bodies in search of little men's pricks."

We laughed an' told him we knew where she'd be scroungin' all right an' then he was off, roarin' into the dunes.

We kept an ear out for the Toyota, even stayed up a few nights, but there was no sight or sound of 'em. Coupla mornings later we woke to the sound of the radio. We didn't know what was goin' on. Took us a while, but me and Brad figured it out; Nic was back all right, cooped up there in his van with his gash and a bloody radio.

We never saw much of him after that. We'd bump into him on the way to the shower, or the shithouse, but that'd be it. About a week later we had our last card

game. And, as it turned out, our one and only time we were treated to a perv of Nic's gash. Nic didn't mind, because he didn't know. He'd been losin' bad an' gettin' edgy. He'd just run out of smokes an' not wantin' to leave the game he yelled out for his woman to bring 'em over.

Out she came, dolled up in one of those stupid summer dresses, stumblin' across the work yard, blinkin' hard an' her white legs flashin' like she'd been in storage or somethin'. I was surprised at how young she was, 19 or so, an' pale an' skinny with a droopy, freckled kinda face. All Troy remembered about her were her braces. Up she came, put the smokes beside Nic an' stood there. Just stood there. It was freezin' cold and no-one, least of all Nic, made room for her near the fire or anythin'. She just kept standin' there till Nic, still keepin' his eyes on his cards, said: "So what ya think ya doin' here? Waitin' for Christmas?"

She shivered, gave a squeaky little laugh and went back to the van.

Nic lost and we were never sure whether it was his losin' or the scene with his woman that kept him inside, but whatever it was it meant that we were left with nuthin' else to do but drink, watch and wait. And for the next so many fuckin' months that's all we did do; watch and wait. A lot of the nights spent waitin' we'd get so blind we couldn't move so we'd rug up and lay on our backs watchin' for fallin'

stars or trackin' satellites in that long bitch of a sky.

Durin' the days we'd keep the party goin' an' when we got sick of Nic's van we'd sit facin' the ranges. They hung way out across the dunes, a dark purple cut of 'em neatly knifed between the red block of the earth an' the blue block of the sky. They were miles away, almost too faint to see, but on still days, across the burnin' red waves, you'd just make 'em out.

Spring came an' for a while there were specks of green, but more than that there was sand. Always sand; red, red sand. It blew into the camp like a disease. It'd cover ya just the same as bugs or the pox; find ways into ya, secret ways; up ya nose or ya arse, into ya lungs. You'd sneeze and there'd be this red-colored shit, or you'd spit, an' there it'd be again. If it wasn't inside ya it was busy buildin' up around ya, everywhere. Nic's van was the worst. Ya couldn't make out the windows anymore. It began to look like what was all around it: a solid block of desert.

And all through this, all through the cans and joints and cards, an' all through the times when we'd say nuthin' but stare, stare an' stare our fuckin' eyeballs out, the radio kept on blabbin'. Whenever we'd stop talkin' it'd jump in, pounce on us screechin' and sellin' us shit. We tried tellin' jokes but we'd forget the punchlines. We waited. We waited and waited and finally went crazy.

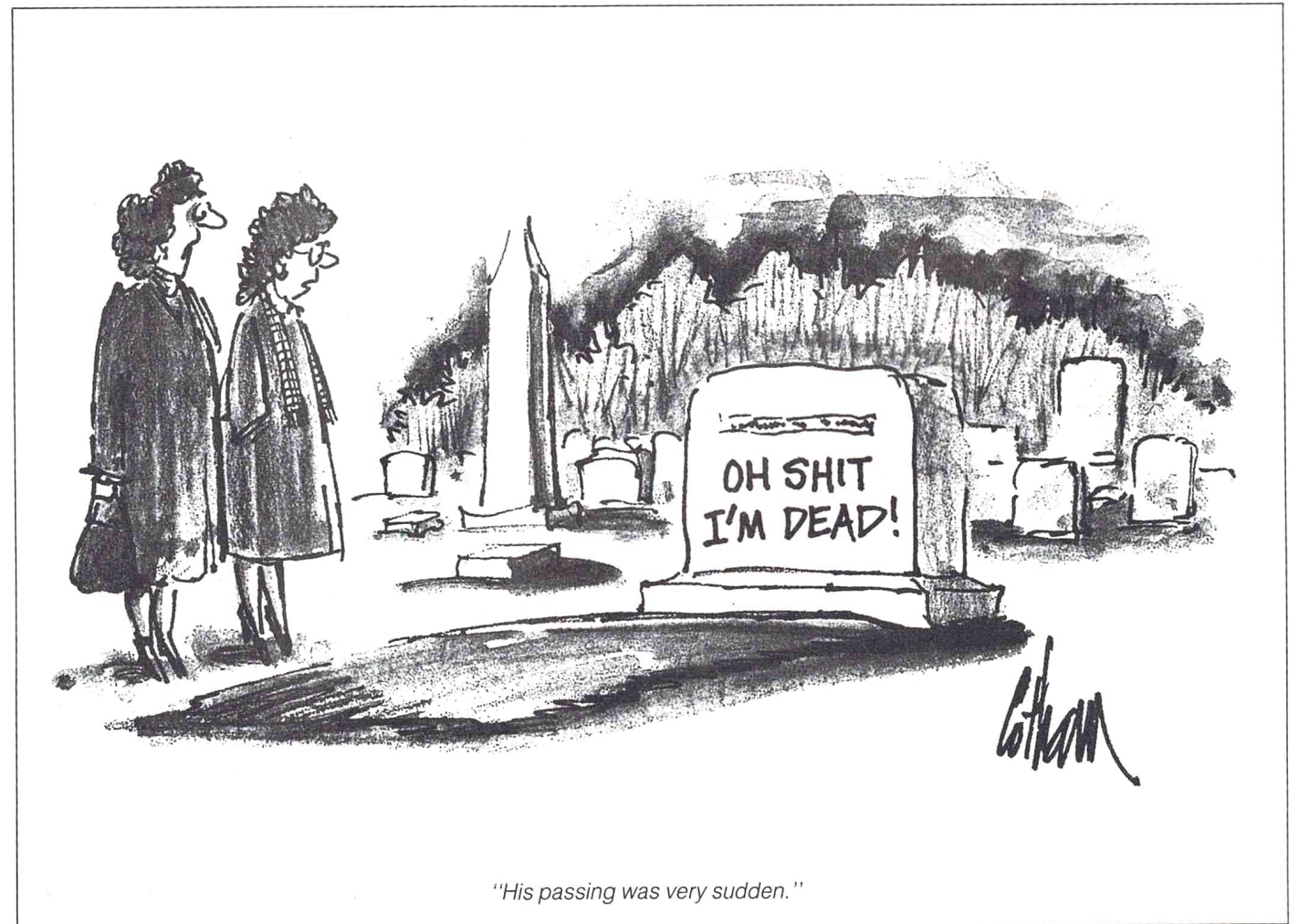
It was Troy that called out first. To begin with all he wanted to do was to have a word with Nic; see how he was goin' an' that. But the only answer he got was the fuckin' radio. When an ad came on for women's face cream he started knockin' the sides of the van shoutin': "Will ya turn that fuckin' shit off?"

Me and Brad thought it'd be good for a laugh an' joined in. Still hearin' nothin', we decided we'd give them their money's worth. We rocked the thing. Then there was noise . . . noise galore! Plates and glasses smashin', drawers fallin' outa cupboards, but still not a peep outa Nic or his woman.

'Course Troy wanted more fun an' started lettin' off a few of his crackers. He set three off before goin' overboard an' droppin' a bung of gelly in through the window. It went BOOOMM, the radio stopped an' we were so happy celebratin' its death it took us a while to realise that somethin' was burnin'. When we did we thought all our Christmases had come at once. We'd go in at last and rescue the bastards!

Brad broke the door down an' we piled in shoutin': "Fire! Fire!" But there was no need. The van was empty. There was sand, bits of the radio that'd been blown up, and across the stained mattress, a couple of the gash's dresses an' stuff.

Continued on page 134



"His passing was very sudden."

How to translate used car bullshit

CAR SHARP

The only thing you can be sure about a used car is that somebody else doesn't want it. Isn't this telling you something?

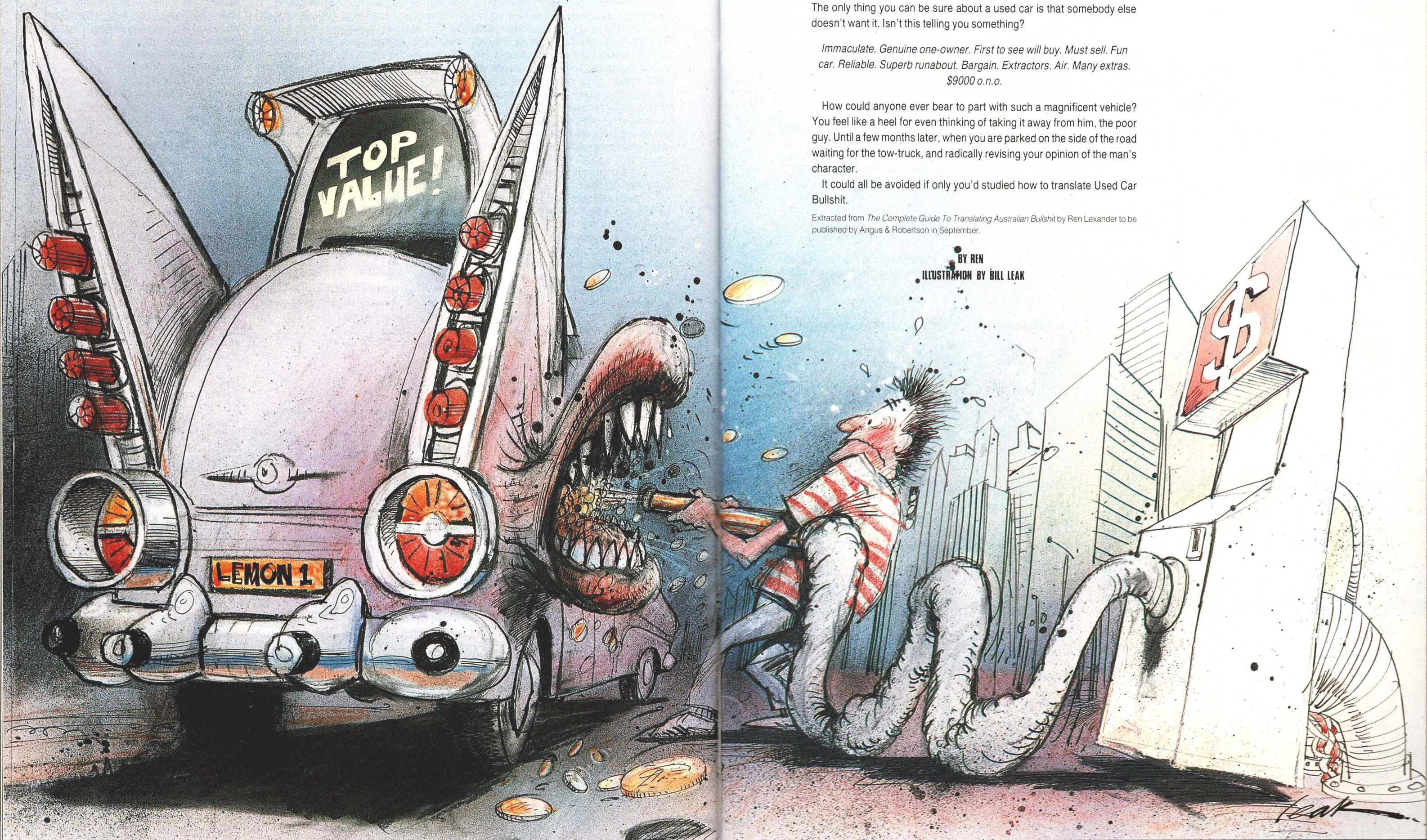
Immaculate. Genuine one-owner. First to see will buy. Must sell. Fun car. Reliable. Superb runabout. Bargain. Extractors. Air. Many extras. \$9000 o.n.o.

How could anyone ever bear to part with such a magnificent vehicle? You feel like a heel for even thinking of taking it away from him, the poor guy. Until a few months later, when you are parked on the side of the road waiting for the tow-truck, and radically revising your opinion of the man's character.

It could all be avoided if only you'd studied how to translate Used Car Bullshit.

Extracted from *The Complete Guide To Translating Australian Bullshit* by Ren Lexander to be published by Angus & Robertson in September.

BY REN
ILLUSTRATION BY BILL LEAK



CAR SHARP

What the ad says	Translation
Valiant	What you have to be to buy this car
Only one previous owner	A demolition derby driver
A classic car	An incredibly old car
Excellent condition	You won't find any rust; it's there but you won't find it
Good condition	You will find some rust
Fair condition	You will find some parts unrusted
Needs some work	Needs towing
Two-tone	Blue and rust
Goes well	Downhill
Goes very well	No brakes
Panel van	Stained rear carpet
Ideal second car	Ideal for spare parts
Demo model	Demolition model
Prestige auto	Impossible to get spare parts for
12 months rego	I'm selling it now while I've got my best chance of unloading the heap
Must sell	This car has driven me to bankruptcy



Mech A1	Mechanically, a one that you will need to have examined professionally
First to see will buy	As long as they don't actually try driving it
Unreg	Unregisterable (ever)
S/roof	A hole in the roof
Bargain	What a potential buyer would be well-advised to do

Many extras	Four hubcaps
Reluctantly sold because owner is moving	Stolen
Extractors	What the seller is trying to do to your wallet
Great	The sound the gear change makes
New tyres	Extremely cheap retreads
Reconditioned motor	Second-hand
Alarm	What you will experience soon after you buy this car
Fun car	Fun if you like working on cars
Rad/cass	Something used to cover up the knocking noise coming from the engine
Mag wheels	No hubcaps
Urgent sale	I can't afford repayments
Log books	Something to read while you're waiting for the tow-truck
4 wheel discs	Has brakes
Immaculate	A virgin; never used for sex
As new	Mechically hopeless but duco looks good
Tow bar	Engine is clapped out from hauling around boats
Superb runabout	What the seller is giving the buyer
No rust	Only extremely gullible buyers should inspect
Always garaged	We were too ashamed to park this car at the front of the house
Air-con	Con
Nothing to spend	What the current owner has left after getting it fixed up
Station wagon	Good when stationary
Previously owned by little old lady	Who burned the clutch out
Reliable	Slow
Solid, reliable	Very slow
Ideal ladies' car	Incredibly slow
o.n.o.	Or nearest orifice 

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Hair, makeup and styling by Bambi; Cowboy boots by Let It Rock, Centrepont, 231 4640; Sunglasses and jewellery by Risk, Crown Street, 331 4276; Feather neck-piece and belt by Rod Alexander, 958 6314; Stilettos by Madame Lash; All other clothing by ABC Costume Hire, 950 3308; Wicker chair and four-poster bed by Joan Bowers; Shot on location at the Safari Bar, Exchange Hotel, Balmain, 810 6099. All Sydney.



TAMMY

KNOCK OUT

Beautiful 19-year-old Tammy Cook, from Wyong on the NSW Central Coast, has a personality with the power of a Jeff Harding punch and a knockout figure to match. "I always get along with everybody. I'm a good talker and I love going out and having a good time," she enthuses. You couldn't hold Tammy back with a tow-truck — she's a tower of energy.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA





Tammy thrilled to the safari style setting of her *Penthouse* shoot. "I love adventure. I'm the eager, sensual type who loves to indulge her fantasies. One day I'll indulge my dream to discover Africa."







Tammy was an apprentice jockey before a hard fall persuaded her to give up the saddle for the spotlight of fashion modelling. The whirlwind Tammy is also doing a cosmetician's course and wants to learn to dance the lambada. This human cyclone also finds time to maintain an ironman schedule, working out at the local gym five times a week. "I'm into keeping fit. I do weights and aerobics. I also love the outdoors, bushwalking and swimming. I also show horses and I love riding."





Posing for *Penthouse* saw the fruition of one of Tammy's fondest fantasies. "It's something I've always wanted to do. I think the female body is a form of art and revealing your body for a magazine is making art in pictures. I enjoy being naked."



"My ideal man is handsome and made of muscle — I'm into hard bodies. He's also intelligent, has a strong sense of humor and plays football — I've got a weakness for footballers." It's a tall order, but then Tammy's a prize catch.





TECHSWEAT

BY SCOTT JONES

You walk into the gym and put your personal identification card into a PC terminal. A computer voice greets you as the screen displays your vital statistics, what you did during your last five workouts, and a suggested routine for today. That's the prelude to your scientifically controlled, hermetically sealed exercise regime.

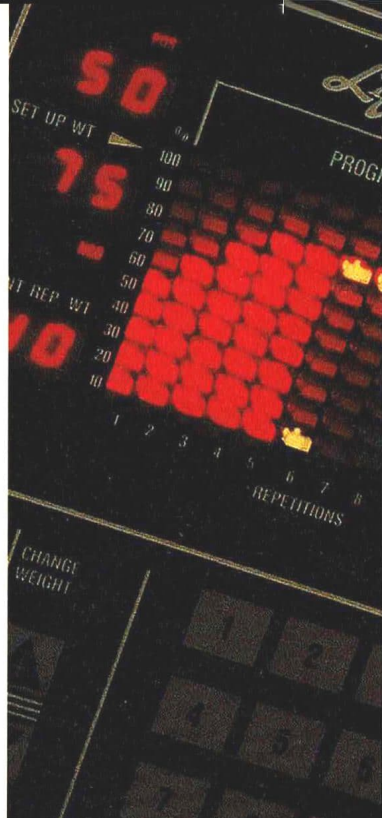
It'll probably be a few years before that becomes reality, but not many. It's quite possible that before the decade is out, the typical suburban gym will be transformed from a sweaty room full of rusty barbells and awkward metal plates into an air-conditioned centre complete with fully automated computerised resistance and aerobic training machines.

Several American manufacturers have been developing computerised resistance equipment during the last five years, and some of these products are already being introduced to clubs in Australia.

The Powercise line of machines, for example, feature a simulated computer voice that talks to you while you lift. Several lines of the novel equipment have been installed in this country, each set-up costing well over \$120,000. You get on the machine, enter a special code, and the computer greets you. It then proceeds to "coach" you with simple phrases such as "You can do better" or "Way to go, Rambo."

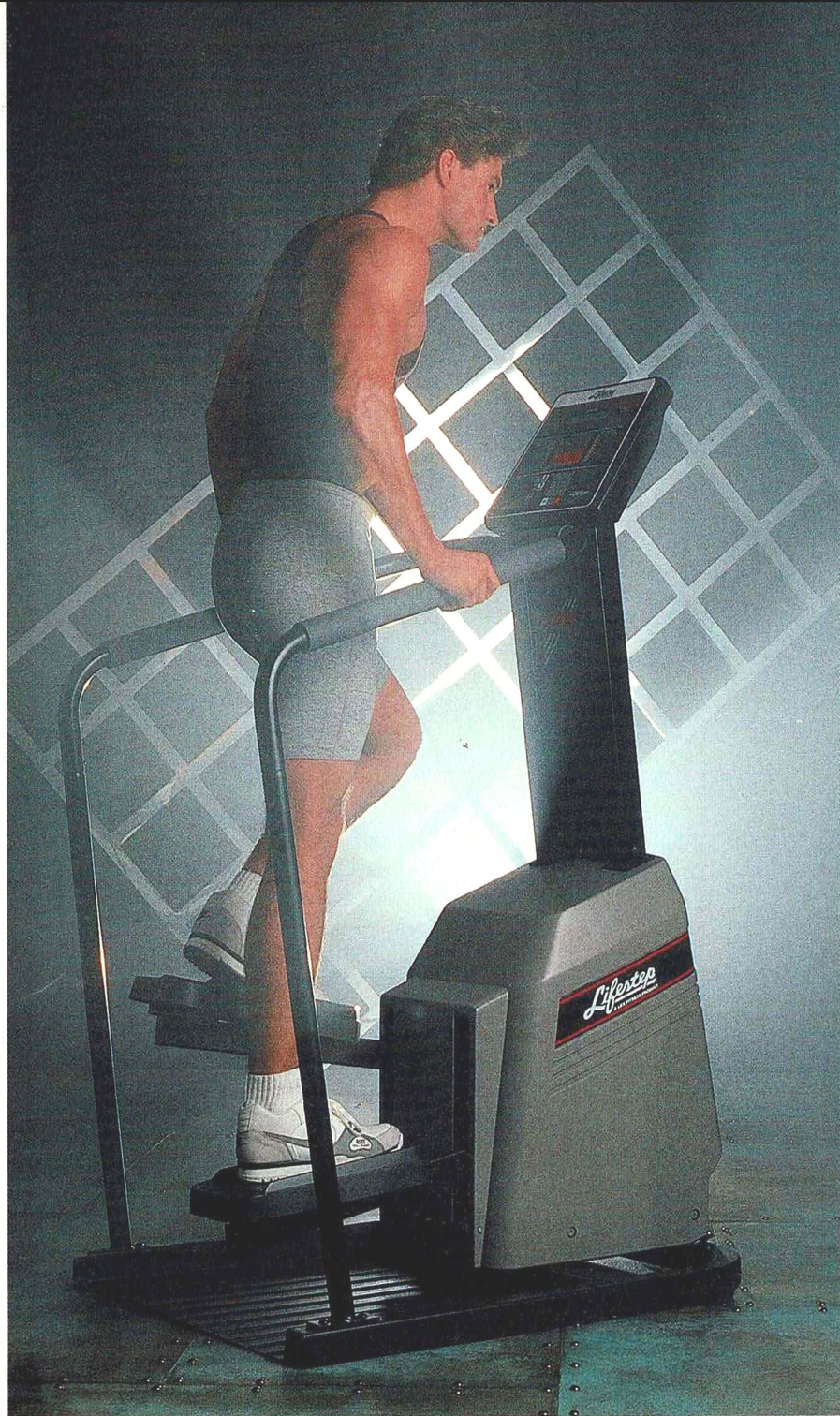
Not surprisingly, a lot of people get very pissed off with a machine that tells them they can do better over and over again. Even having a sweat-soaked Stallone hovering over you while you lift would be preferable.

Other computerised equipment has taken a different route, with far better results. The Lifecircuit line of computerised resistance equipment features colorful LED lights and graphic instructions that are displayed on a private (and thankfully silent) console. You get on the machine and do a "Set-Up Test" that determines your strength level for that day's workout. The machine then automatically sets the weight level for the entire lifting routine. There are 12 of these units being developed that work all the major muscle groups. Since being introduced last year, more than 100 lines have been installed in clubs around the US and demand is far exceeding the manufacturer's production capabilities.



Futuristic
computer
equipment is
muscling
into our gyms





TECH SWEAT

But no matter how advanced these machines become, the perennial question remains: Why is this any better than free weights?

According to Paul Branson of Sydney-based Imported Exercise Products, which distributes high-tech fitness products including the Lifecircuit line, computerised weight machines will never totally replace free weights. "The machines complement the more traditional aspects of working out, like free weights. There are things you can do with weights that machines can't simulate, and likewise, muscles you can work more efficiently with machines than you can with free weights."

Branson points out that although Lifecircuit machines are now available, you aren't going to be seeing many of the units in Australian gyms right away. Each carries a \$15,000 price tag and for most facilities, that's just too big an expenditure for such an innovative product. "It's going to take a few years for gym owners and their members to get comfortable with the idea. Once that happens, the potential is unlimited."

Although computerised weight machines are a few years away, there are other types of computerised equipment already in gyms around the country. The aerobics craze led to some tremendous advances in exercise machines.

Get used to hearing about Lifecycles, Lifesteps and Star Tracs. They are to the

Nineties what Nautilus and Universal were to the Seventies and Eighties respectively.

The Lifecycle started the American high-tech equipment craze ten years ago by fusing computer programming with stationary cycling, and now it's spread to Australia.

It's not a complicated concept. You pedal to provide the power for the computer and then the computer controls the pedal resistance while a user-friendly console displays LED readouts of what you're doing. Close to half a million Lifecycles have been sold around the world to date.

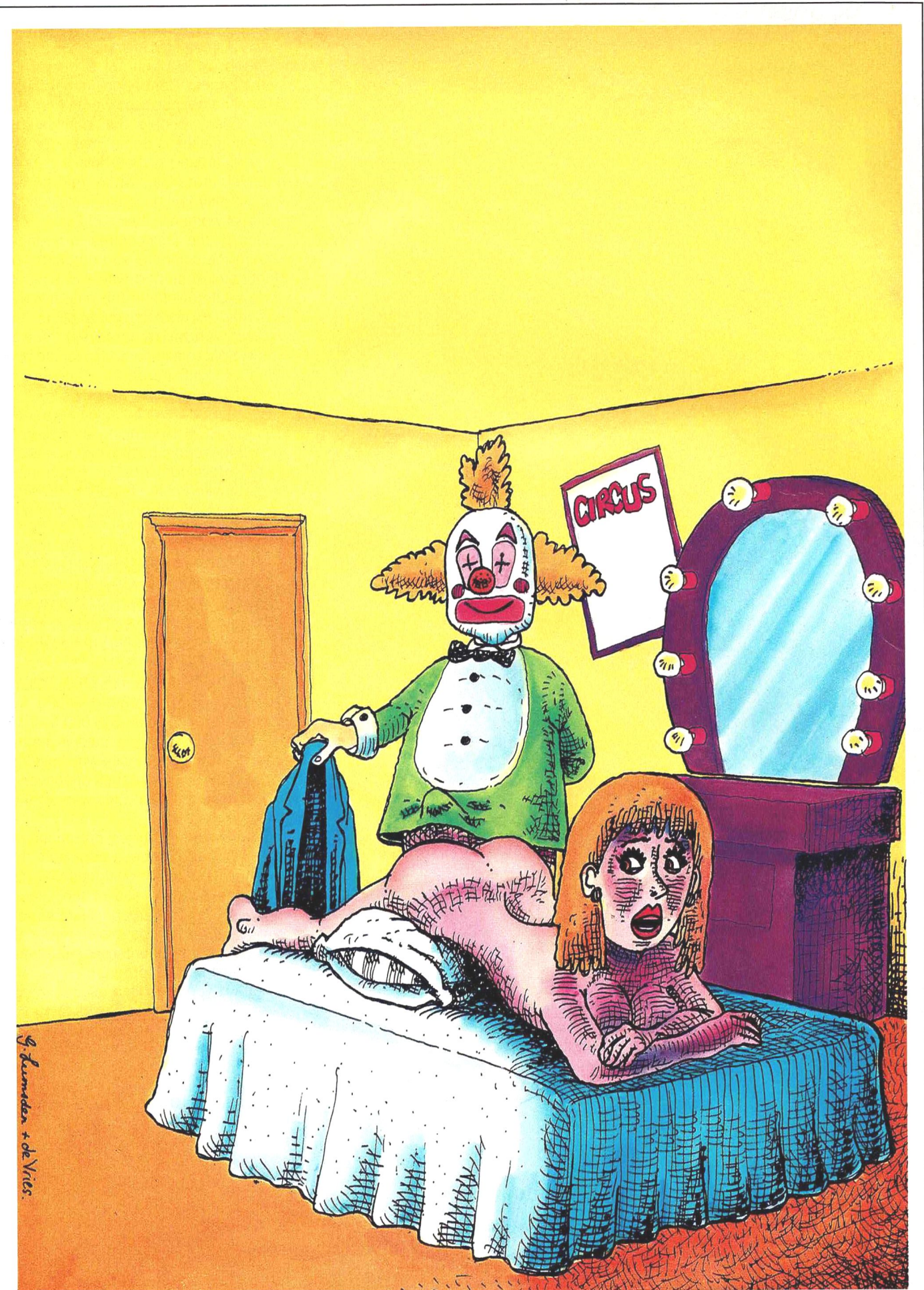
This simple idea revolutionised how people exercise. In the United States last year, more than \$113 million was spent on computerised aerobic training equipment, largely as a result of the Lifecycle's ground-breaking introduction to gyms and fitness centres. But the Lifecycle was just the start.

Remember the PAC-MAN video game that ate all your change during the early Eighties? Bally Manufacturing, the company that created PAC-MAN, pulled off another coup when it introduced the world's first fitness video game, the Liferower, a couple of years ago.

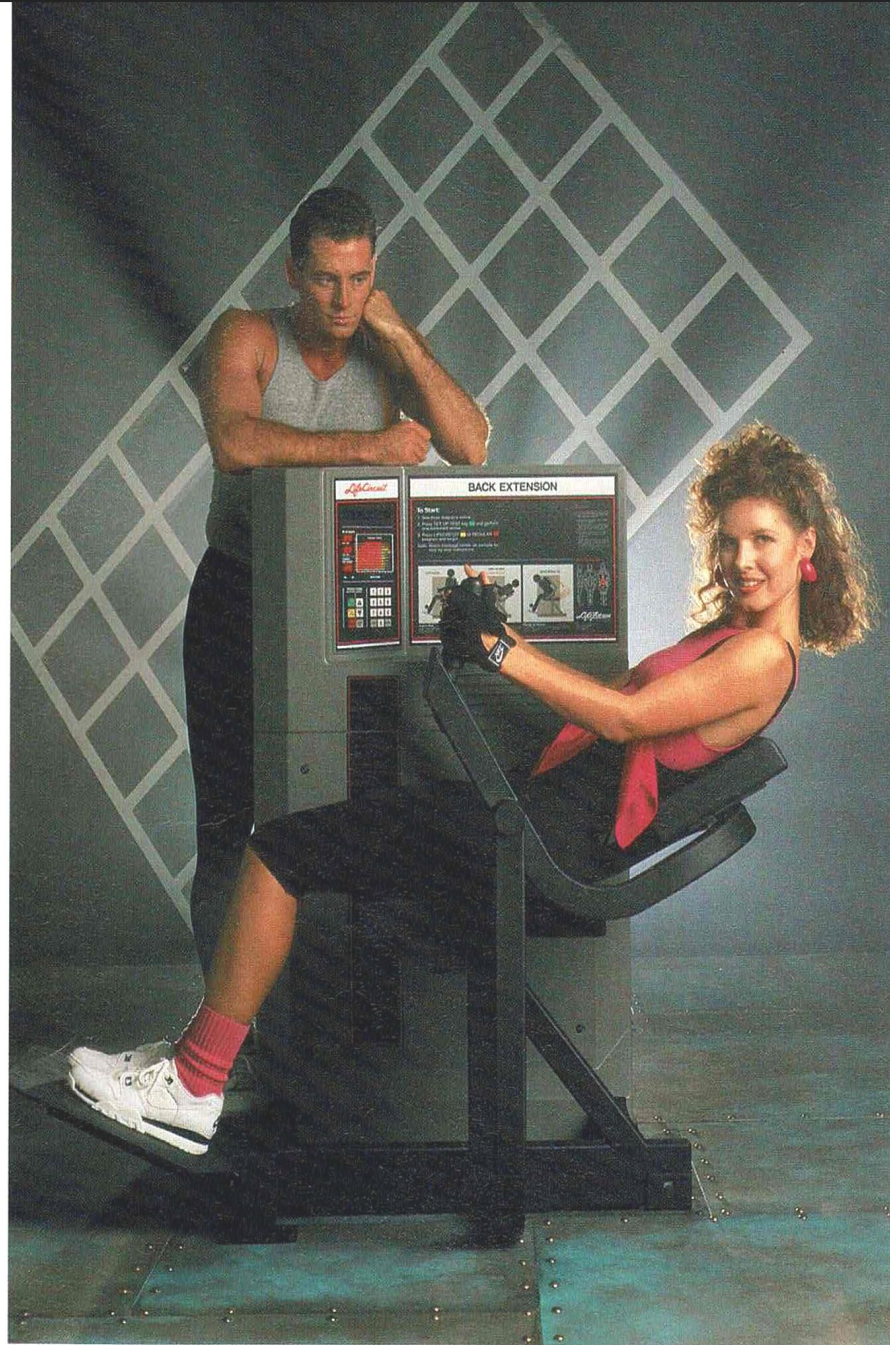
It doesn't cost anything to use, but the machine makes you pay all the same. You're pitted against a computer-generated pace boat that's displayed on a color video monitor in front of you. At the sound of a starting gun you start rowing, as does the little man on the screen. Sound effects of oars moving through the water help provide a realistic feel. Throughout the race, information appears on the screen telling you how far you've gone, the number of calories you've burned, and most importantly, whether you are winning or losing. And just to make it more interesting, there are great white sharks in the water and attack helicopters hovering above.

If that sounds a bit over the top, what about the computerised stair climber? Stair climbing machines are the hottest thing in fitness centres worldwide. Just get on the machine and start stepping. The computer console in front of you will tell you how many floors you've travelled, how many calories you've used, and congratulate you when you're done. *Silently*, too.

You already climb too many steps getting to work? How about trying a state-of-the-art treadmill that simulates running up and down hills by elevating the running platform? The unique Star Trac treadmill is perfect for casual walkers and joggers or the serious runner. This machine also features pre-programmed workouts that eliminate the need for guesswork. Treadmills are especially popular among runners with workout schedules that don't always match mother nature's. Outdoor running also doesn't provide you with a way to accurately measure caloric burn or distance travelled.



"... Now you promise not to do anything funny ..."



TECH SWEAT

Then there's the Versa-Climber machine, best described as a high-tech cross between a ladder and a pogo stick. Designed to work both the upper and lower body, the machine simulates an upright climbing action complete with digital readouts and resistance controls. You've probably seen a Versa-Climber before. The product was featured in *Rocky IV* (in the scene where the Russian grunt works out on advanced "Soviet" machines) and has been available in Australia since 1987.

"I'm amazed at how popular these machines have become," says John Burnett, owner of the Pace Fitness Centre just outside Sydney. "People stand in line waiting to use them. We've had to put time limits on the equipment so everyone gets a chance." Burnett already has one of the largest selections of computerised equipment in the country with more than

\$350,000 worth of high-tech gear sitting in a room of only 2000 square feet which he calls the "Cardio Club."

A common characteristic of these machines is that they're all motivating. Each features some form of instant user feedback, whether it's a computer console or video screen. According to Burnett, that's why people like them. "People used to get bored while they worked out. Now they can get a progress report in the middle of their routine. They're not going to lose interest quite as fast."

A recent study of exercisers confirmed that visual motivation played a key role in the users "adhering" or staying with their exercise routines. More than half of all individuals who start an exercise program quit within six months. By providing equipment that motivates users, gym owners are improving the chances that their members will not become exercise dropouts.

Another important workout element these gadgets provide is *privacy*. You can get on the machines, complete a workout

program, and be the only person who knows the specifics of that workout. The computer can't tell anyone.

Phillip de la Hunt, of Sydney's Clark Hatch Fitness Centre, points out that traditional aerobic classes weren't for everyone. "Many people get intimidated by aerobic classes. Some men don't like dancing around a room full of people in colorful leotards, while middle-aged women may feel uncomfortable in a large group of women in their mid-20s."

One of the first centres in Sydney to feature the computerised products, de la Hunt's club started with five Lifecycles and no Liferowers. In the past five years he's had to add ten more bikes, three rowers, two stair climbers and three Star Tracs. Space limitations also forced him to eliminate all aerobics classes. But members aren't complaining.

Another of Sydney's leading fitness centres, RCM Healthland at Bondi, has moved beyond specialising in aerobics with the development of an "Electronic Exercise Environment" featuring Powercise, computerised aerobicycles, treadmills and Liferowers.

According to Healthlands director Richard Chew, members quickly become addicted to the high tech gear. "We have 18 aerobicycles, each being used for at least six hours a day, with an ever increasing demand by members for more electronic equipment."

None of this stuff comes cheap. Current costs range from around \$4000 for a Lifecycle to more than \$13,000 for a Star Trac treadmill. They're a major investment for club owners, but those who have them aren't quibbling about their effectiveness. Give the people what they want or they'll go somewhere else.

Several manufacturers, anxious to capitalise on their product's popularity, have developed versions designed for home use. Domestic versions of the Lifecycle bike and Star-Trac treadmill are currently available. The products are smaller than their commercial counterparts but feature the same computer programs.

Not everyone has time to go to the gym every day. Some people work late, or are often out of town. Others don't like to wait in lines to use equipment. Convenience is what's selling these products. People can exercise at home when they want, as often as they want, with the same high-tech, high-quality products they use at their club. On average, the home products cost around \$1000 less than the gym models.

With computer technology, anything's possible in the future. Manufacturers are currently developing ways to link the bikes and other types of equipment to allow for direct competition between users. One day we may see an "Electronic Iron Man" competition.

For some people, though — call them Luddites if you must — an Iron Man without a tan just doesn't look right. 

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MICHEL MOREAU

mermaid

Gorgeous 22-year-old Cathy creates waves wherever she goes. This mesmerising mermaid is a true water baby. "I love the sun and surf; being among the elements — it makes you feel so vital," she enthuses. This aquatic Aphrodite warmed to the setting of her pictorial by the sea.







Posing for *Penthouse* was Cathy's first nude photo foray. "I'm not self-conscious about my body. I love going *au naturel* on the beach. I think nakedness is beautiful." It certainly is in Cathy's case.





"My favorite fantasy is making love on a deserted beach — in the sand and in the rhythm of the waves. I just need to find a Robinson Crusoe to help make my fantasy come true."





The Adventures of Rapeman, Bastard & Friends

BY HOWARD HOUCK

Imagine a world where dinosaurs roam around thinking human thoughts, where an airborne B-25 bomber is attacked by flying octopi and piranhas, and where a man can contrive a handjob by tricking a winsome maiden into thinking his dick is a fifth teat on a cow's udder.

Such a world exists, and it lies due north. It's called *manga*, and the Japanese are crazy about it.

Our closest equivalent to *manga* would be "comic books", but that would give you the wrong impression. Any Westerner picking up one of these "comics" for the first time won't believe his eyes. *Manga* excels in super-graphic violence, gratuitous sadism and pornography of a calibre that wouldn't be allowed into the ACT, much less Kings Cross.

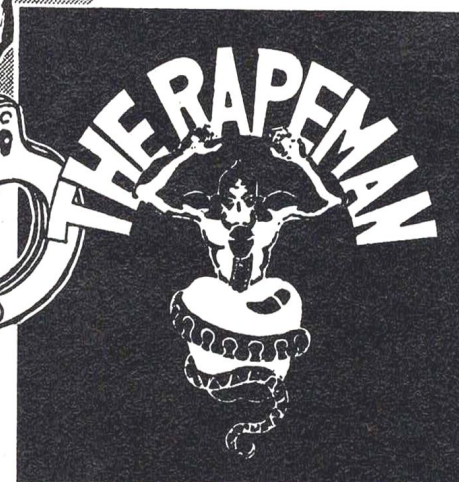
These magazines are hefty tomes too — often more than 300 pages thick and sometimes with hardback covers. In Japan they're all over the place: kids read 'em on school buses and executives peruse them on bullet trains. No-one bats an eye.

Mind you, there is nice *manga* and nasty *manga*, tennis *manga* and torture *manga*. Sometimes the extremes can be found within the covers of the same volume.

The *Weekly Jump* (don't ask me — I didn't name it) is 400 pages thick. It caters principally to the under-20 market and is chock-a-block with soldiers of fortune, samurai, fearsome ninjas, fairies and nymphs ... and funny stories about bored housewives. BOKUWA SHATATAKAKUN is one of the

If you thought Japanese culture was weird, wait until you see their comic books.

Jump's favorites, full of plays on words and double entendres fully understood only by those who have spoken Japanese from birth. A recent BOKUWA story,



THE RAPEMAN



Left: Tarchan's genitals subjected to a range of fiendish tortures. Above: Paedophilic fantasy, a speciality of the *Weekly Jump*. In this episode, the maiden pictured is tricked into giving a handjob.

Rapeman

entitled "What an Abnormal Boy!!", is about a 10-year-old who dons a fake moustache and tries to seduce a shapely sheila. Thirteen pages later... he doesn't.

Next door is *TARCHAN, KING OF THE JUNGLE*, which parodies not *Tarzan* but a famous Japanese boxing story. The protagonist, Tampei, visits his mentor, Tarchan, at his training camp in Africa. He finds Tarchan screaming in his sleep: "Stand up! Stand up!" Tampei naturally thinks his hero is dreaming of demanding a vanquished adversary to get up and fight like a man. Whereas we the readers (who can see into Tarchan's dreams) find that he's dreaming of sitting on a bed, wang in left hand and condom in right, with a topless and increasingly aggravated lady behind him, as he struggles to get a hard-on.

Ho ho ho...

Well, it's funnier in Japanese.

On the next page he's wide awake, having been bitten on his right testicle — not the left, the right: this is specific stuff — by an inch-long African soldier ant. The previous cartoon frame, it must be noted, has already gone into piercing scientific detail about such ants, the feared *sasulahiari*, and explained what just one of them can do to a testicle.

Of course, *TARCHAN* is just for yuks. Rather more vicarious adventures are provided by the likes of *CYBER*. Top marks to a full page of eight cinematic-style frames in which Cyber methodically rips out an opponent's tongue.

BASTARD features warlocks and magic and characters straight out of a Norse Saga. But much meaner: this lot makes the real Viking armies look like the Salvation Army. The title of a *BASTARD* story from an issue last June translates literally as "Studio Loud In School."

CITY HUNTER is another perennial success for the *Jump*. In a late 1989 issue we find a girl kidnapped, bound, gagged and connected to a hand grenade trigger mechanism, thereby blasting her to smithereens in the event of a rescue attempt.

Remember, this is all teenage fare. Wait till we get to the adult stuff! Other long-running pop classics include *THE EDGE*, *DRAGON BALL*, *CRAZY*, *RED HOT* and *NO MERCY*.

Meanwhile, *Weekly Young Jump* — the "Dreams And Drama Magazine" — caters to pre- and early teens. It's a mixed bag of dinosaurs (*KYORYUDAIKIKO* for short), cyclopes, baseball games, moon-eyed virginal types discovering their bodies, and slightly fewer people getting hacked to pieces. Even so, a recent *Young Jump* boxing story has blood spattering all over the page.

The mini-teen marketables have, if anything, been toned down during the past three years. A 1987 *Young Jump* story

たかって あつという間に 骨になってしまうのだ。
(サスライアリ)
アフリカで一番おそろしいアリ 死んだ動物や動けなくなった

opened with a cartoon of a naked woman hanging from her wrists while being whipped.

You quickly get used to it. *Manga* is everywhere you look in Japan. One-and-a-half billion copies are sold every year. They're dirt cheap too — less than two dollars for the 400-page versions. So you can afford a kilogram of them to tide you over until the train gets you to that board meeting in Osaka. (Yes, there is at least one economics *manga* as well: "Comic For Business Boys" it's called on the cover.) The Tokyo best-seller fiction list frequently contains *manga* hardbacks.

Most *manga* characters do not have pronounced Oriental facial features, but neither are they truly Western in appearance. Instead they're a sort of hybrid between the two. This phenomenon has been going on for at least 40 years, so that most Japanese tend to explain it away

merely as "tradition." But closer scrutiny might suggest a secret admiration for Western-style heroes and villains. Another version has it that such outrageous adventures could never happen in Japan in real life, so how can the characters look Japanese?

Equally, the clout of the English language sometimes sneaks into *manga*, especially in the advertisements. If an ad has a few English words in it, then the product must be "with it" and not half bad. The fact that few readers are fluent in English doesn't seem to come into it.

Such ads can take turgid tongue-twisting turns. One encapsulates a color *manga* hardback plot by explaining how "surriors from the last war who became guerillas fought an unaroidable war..." Well, my Japanese isn't much better.

It is safe to assume that *manga* has become as much a Japanese cult affec-

tation as beer and footy are to us. There are *manga* scholars at universities: people who spend most of their lives reading the stuff and making erudite academic pronouncements upon it. *Manga's* most famous writers and artists — who are sometimes called "directors" and "producers" — are treated much like movie stars.

The most notorious of these celebrities is a gentleman named Shintaro Miyawaki, a 37-year-old family man with a couple of charming daughters. Mr Miyawaki is a fine artist. He has a tremendous flair for action sequences and an impeccable talent for detail. Mr Miyawaki pens *THE RAPEMAN*.

THE RAPEMAN has been running for years, but Miyawaki never seems to run out of plots. The idea is simple. Instead of a hired gun like in *Tombstone*, Arizona or a hitman like in Palermo, Sicily, the Japanese have invented a professional rapist.

The stories resemble soap opera with a

Rapeman

manga face: jilted or vengeful man wants to teach his female boss/girlfriend/wife/mistress a lesson, so he employs RapeMan.

RapeMan is never the baddie, incidentally. He's just doing his job. His manager works out of a real estate office (something very symbolic in that, but I can't pick it), and is likewise portrayed as a man with a heart. The definitive rape sequence rarely lasts less than eight pages, and the stories usually have happy endings.

So, are you ready? Here, for the first time in Australia, direct from the Land of the Rising Sun, a synopsis from a 1989 *manga*, tediously translated with the help of three Japanese confederates, in a spirit of international brotherhood through mutual understanding... The Adventures of THE RAPEMAN.

(The title of this episode translates as "Waiting Girl Is Foolish." Women will not like it.)

A young married lady, who works as a hairdresser in a Tokyo highrise, has been mourning her husband's long absence. He disappeared three years ago without trace or explanation, and she doesn't know if he is alive or dead. Then, looking absently from the window of her hairdressing salon, lo and behold, there he is on the street below!

She races out and throws her arms around him, tears of joy streaming from her eyes. She loves him dearly. He passively reciprocates the embrace. After all, why just stand there like a stobie pole and cause a stir in the middle of the Ginza? But in truth, he doesn't want to know her. He wants her out of his life.

Why? Well, as we discover when he goes to the real estate agency to have a chat with RapeMan's manager, there's this other woman, see? The new love of his life is worth three billion yen — which would buy the other half of Surfers, I guess — and he wants to get into her money. The ideal grounds for divorce would be for him to prove his wife has had sex with another man. (The Japanese *Family Law Act* apparently differs a bit from our own.)

You may remember that RapeMan's agent is a guy with a heart, and he doesn't really think it in the best taste for a husband to have his wife raped for material gain. So he asks a whopping three million yen for the job — which would only buy Hobart, perhaps, but still a formidable sum. To the agent's surprise, the husband agrees to the price.

When the agent tells RapeMan about his new contract, the masked avenger is furious. "This has gotta be the rottenest stinkingest job you've given me so far!" yells RapeMan. Or words to that effect.

"Yeah, I know," replies the agent, "but he called my bluff and I had to save face.

We'll split 50/50. Besides, I have a plan."

So RapeMan finds the "foolish waiting girl" at her hairdressing salon after hours and does his thing. This includes a double-page spread and an interior "come shot" over one-third of another page. Then he leaves the scene.

Right on cue, the husband arrives, finds his wife naked on the floor, and immediately accuses her of having had an affair with another man. When she tells him she's been violated, he feigns compassion and gives her a hug to console her. *At this moment, the agent is outside the window, maybe 12 floors up, and he takes a Polaroid picture of their embrace.*

Then, still playing the charade, the husband puts his hand between her legs and exclaims, more or less, "Aha! You are wet between your legs. He *did* turn you on. You *have* been unfaithful to me! I want a divorce!" Then he goes to the sink and pretends to throw up. His wife, distraught by his lack of love and logic and apparent knowledge of anatomical function, collapses hysterically on the floor, as he leaves and calmly makes his way back to his rich mistress' penthouse.

He's not a very nice man, right?

But justice, of sorts, prevails in the end. When he arrives at his lover's apartment, he finds the place completely cleaned out and she gone forever. A parting scornful note in lipstick is written on the bathroom mirror, below which lies the Polaroid snap-

shot of him and his wife embracing, which the agent had passed on to her.

The husband smashes the mirror in a rage while, across town, the agent and RapeMan — who's a clean-cut bloke with a smart suit and tie when not in uniform — share the three million yen.

Well, it's a long way from *Peanuts*. In-bloody-scrutable, some would say. It begs the question: what are we to make of a country that produces this stuff?

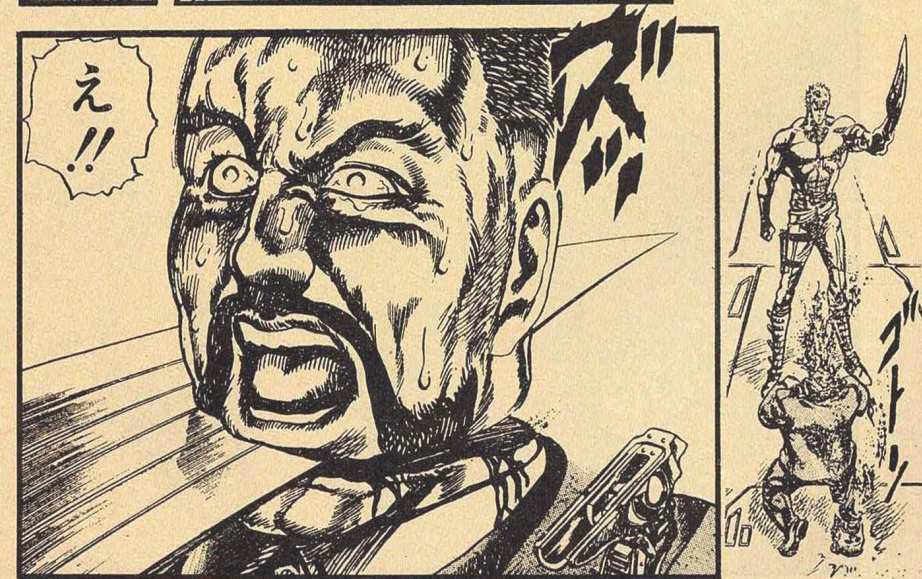
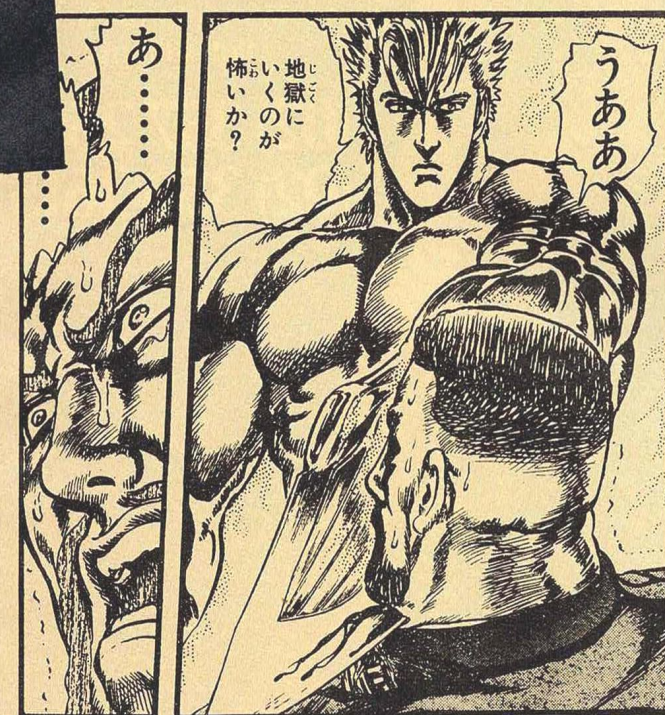
The answer poses further questions. When the Japanese are not working on the Burma railway or bombing Pearl Harbor, they have shown themselves to be among the world's most courteous, civilised and refined people. Moreover, Japan's negligible incidence of rape and other violent crimes is the envy of most other nations. One *manga* scholar is on record as saying: "Manga is violent, but it satisfies our appetite for violence, so we have no contact with violence."

In other words, the outlet of indulging in anti-social fantasies helps to stop people from acting them out in reality.

It's an argument that has been churned around for decades, with many people tending to prove only what they want to prove. But as regards *manga*, it is patently clear that a vicarious catharsis is at work in Japan. Its impact on Japanese culture seems to have very positive implications.

But would it work in Australia? ☐

Opposite Page: Climactic scenes from the RapeMan adventure "Waiting Girl Is Foolish." This Page: Cyber pulls no punches with a bad guy.



The Golden Apple

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BLOOD SIMPLE

Continued from page 39

fence. He claimed he'd stopped to talk to the woman, who said she wanted to score drugs and then offered to pay for any drugs with sex. After such a dramatic change of alibi the jury had no trouble convicting.

DNA "paternity triplets" can also have applications in criminal cases. One of the paternity cases handled by Genetic Technologies led to a seven-year jail sentence for a 46-year-old invalid pensioner from Beenleigh on the Gold Coast.

The man was charged with having raped and indecently assaulted his step-daughter. Evidence was given in court that the girl had been sexually abused by the accused since the age of six. Now aged 18, she gave birth to a son three years ago.

DNA comparisons between the pensioner, the step-daughter and her baby showed the man's genetic profile was consistent with him being the father. It was the first time a Queensland jury had been confronted with such technology.

The new biotechnology already has applications that its inventors would not have envisioned only a few years ago.

For instance, the ability to extract DNA has allowed scientists to compare DNA molecules of chimpanzees and humans in the search for the so-called "missing link."

Various medical applications are in the pipeline. So is the relief of perennial arguments in the Immigration Department. One man from Bangladesh has already enquired about DNA testing to prove that his mother, father and younger brother are his legitimate family.

Now there's talk that racehorses and other animals requiring a handsome pedigree will carry their own "pink slip" containing their DNA profile to prove their parentage. Lifecodes in the US has a contract with the National Zoo to compile a DNA register for chimpanzees. The US Fishing and Gaming Commission has asked for tests to track down the migratory habits of salmon.

As with genetic engineering, anyone who can ride their wagon into the new frontiers of biotechnology will clean up financially. But these are applications we already have, just a few years after the first successful use in a criminal case; who knows where it will end?

Dr Bob Shaler — he of the expertise in advanced underwear analysis — recently speculated, perhaps only half-seriously, that there might be a buck in manufacturing T-shirts displaying the wearer's individual DNA profile.

If we're going to draw a line on all this somewhere, let's hope someone can persuade the Yanks to draw it there. ○✚



"I don't care what you say, there is still far too much violence on television."



Vanessa and Liason were bored and between boyfriends. They were sunbathing and bitching about their last lovers' lack of lovemaking prowess. As the conversation became more animated so did their actions. Arousal flared like kindling.

GIRLFRIENDS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATT JOHNSON





"We don't need them," Vanessa said vehemently. "We can make our own fun." She then started a slow striptease and Liason soon followed suit. Gradually, their excitement mounted to a fever pitch and they fell to each other, mouths and lips everywhere. A hard man is good to find, their actions hinted, but a soft woman can be as much fun when men are not to be found.









BOY RACERS

Welcome to Fantasyland, on other more prosaic days good old Oran Park Raceway, near Sydney. It's 8.15 am, and one by one they arrive, ten of them in all, in their BMWs and Benzes and Saabs, ready to play race drivers for a day. Some are serious; most just wanna have fun.

They've paid the \$540 for an adrenal uplift aboard a genuine Formula Ford racing car, with professional tuition.

Ian Luff's Dynamic Safety School of Advanced Driving has been in business since 1983. Before then, Luff worked with the Peter Wherrett school. Most of his work involves teaching defensive and advanced driving; the "So You Wanna Be A Race Driver?" school began only last year in response to a clamor from business types wanting to hit the pressure relief valve.

Luff makes the boast that he tailors the day to suit the differing requirements of his customers. If a group of high flyers gets together for a course, a silver service lunch might be

laid on, plus charter helicopters to and from the city. Otherwise, luncheon fare is usually more plebeian — cold cuts, perhaps, and tea and coffee.

Luff runs a tight ship. He brooks no non-

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Alain Prost and Ayrton Senna
fantasies can come true**

sense and anyone who mucks up gets flung from the course. "We've never had any real delinquents," he reports cheerfully.

Luff is well respected in the trade. With a background in several fields of motor sport, he knows his stuff, and is a clever communicator. Words flow like he's on permanent fast forward, with plenty of whoops, hollers

MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO



When necessary, other instructors are swung in to assist. Among Luffy's little helpers are Formula Ford champs Russell Norden (who can talk even faster than



On hand are the emperors' clothes. Props for a vaudeville show. Nigel

The students move off to change into the battledress of the warrior, and Luff explains his dilemma: "I've got to turn the pupil into a teacher, someone who can become self-analytical about their own

The reminder are at Oran Park for a bit of a blast. When Luff quizzes them on their reasons for doing the course, one — an ad agency whiz — produces the worrying rejoinder: "I wanna go fast." Luff winces. He doesn't want heros out there whose ambitions exceed their ability.

Barry Faux, a Canberra antique dealer with a designer haircut and yellow shoes, is going around a second time. He doesn't want to be a racing driver—he'll settle for sharpening up his road driving. He's a bit of an enthusiast and owns a V12 E-Type Jaguar.

Anthony Altomonte, scion of the prominent Sydney auto family (Ford and BMW), is another repeat student. Later in the day, he reveals a fair turn of speed but professes no gripping desire to go racing seriously.

Newsreader Jim Maher, of the Seven network, isn't quite sure why he's part of

Clockwise from above left: Student race-driver Michael Navybox; Boy racers for a day, Jim Maher (white car) and Marc Tingwell; *Penthouse's* Peter McKay settles in; Ready to go.



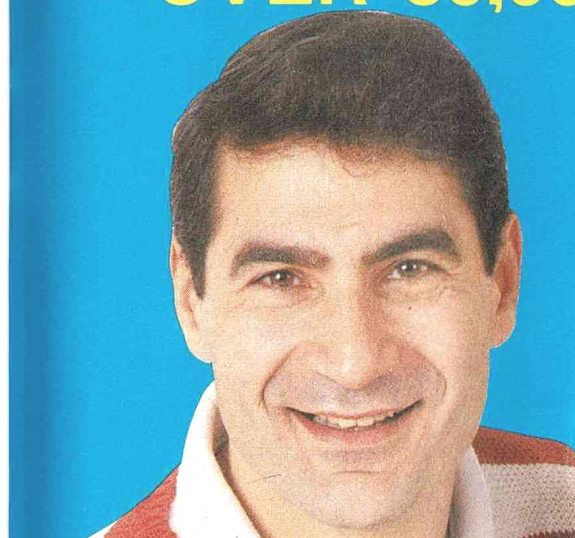
In the category of motor racing aspirant is Damian Silk, an 18-year-old unearthed by Luff during a defensive driving car course conducted last year with the Blue

Marc Tingwell is an exec at Revlon. Before that he lived in England flogging hot-rodded Mercedes to oil sheiks. He loves cars and once had ambitions of racing them. His reason for doing the course? "Stress relief," he declares simply. This is his third session with Luff. With a passion for motor racing, he also appreciates the opportunity to understand what a race driver goes through. "All this does enhance concentration too. I'm a defensive driver on the road but I think I'm much more aware and much sharper after I've done the course."

The MD of executive headhunters

Continued on page 144

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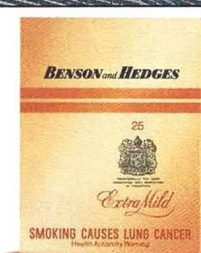
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**"...OR THERE'S A DRY WHITE.
PERFECT WITH SEAFOOD!"**

"I KNOW."



THE SONG

Continued from page 51

you're off the hook. Of course, that means the bluesman can sue both of you but, seeing as most of them are either dead or approaching that state, the odds of that happening are slim.

In fact, without the demise of Robert Johnson, the great blues architect, Cream, the Rolling Stones and Led Zeppelin would have been strapped for material during the rock-blues boom of the late Sixties. Most of the blues masters, living and dead, were ripped off by young white snots who thought they could whip off the odd Mississippi Delta rave-up whenever a tape was rolling and then pick up the publishing income. Even the venerable Buddy Holly was not beyond appropriating Bo Diddley's trademarked metronomic riff for "Not Fade Away."

But before you shed a tear for all those poor starving black blues groaners who were robbed blind by nasty white boys, consider the nature of a blues song. Few of the classics were actually "written." Bluesologists coyly refer to songs "evolving" or being "gathered." Leadbelly is widely credited with "Cottonfields", "Midnight Special", "Rock Island Line" and "Goodnight Irene", but whether he actually penned the works or picked them up from other more obscure blues belters during his wide wanderings is open to conjecture. Even the Sixties standard "I'm A Man" is under a cloud, with attribution variously given to Bo Diddley and Muddy Waters. (One Rolling Stones release plays it safe and credits both).

Be it blues, country, jazz, rock or pop, the fine line between inspiration and theft continues to be walked, year in and year out.

Listening to the radio can easily become a game of *Name That Tune*, sometimes with irritating results. During the disco-dominated year of 1975 I would often crank up my car radio as I recognised the opening notes of one of my favorite oldies, "Black Is Black" by Los Bravos. Twenty seconds later I would boot the bloody thing into silence as I realised I was listening to a dance hit called "I'm On Fire" by 5000 Volts.

No doubt other radio listeners have done the same — jumped on the opening riff of Hill & Oates' "Maneater" in the mistaken belief that it was the Motown classic "You Can't Hurry Love"; got their ears all set for Lionel Ritchie's "Hello", only to realise that it was Billy Ocean's "Suddenly"; started tapping away to what they thought was Rocky Burnette's "Tired Of Toein' The Line" but found themselves listening to Shakin' Stevens' "You Drive Me Crazy"; sat upright for the great early Police cut "Bring On The Night" only to slump back as Stevie Nicks began singing

"Edge Of 17"; began humming away to Neil Diamond's "Cherry Cherry" for a few seconds before the Romantics' "What I Like About You" blew the wax out of their disappointed ears.

One interesting variation is the songwriter who imitates himself. A familiar thread tends to run through most writers' body of work and it is not uncommon for a strong melody which languished on a barely-heard song to turn up with new lyrics at a later stage. Nobody really noticed or cared that when Prince wrote "Manic Monday" for the Bangles he reached back into his own archives and borrowed the melody from one of his own earlier songs, "1999"; or that Brian Wilson turned the Beach Boys' hit "Darlin'" into a song for his wife's group Spring called "Thinkin' Bout You Baby."

But for John Fogerty, the reach-back-in-time trick resulted in one of the most bizarre plagiarism cases in history. The

“
Be it blues,
country, jazz, rock
or pop, the fine line
between inspiration and
theft continues
to be walked.
”

Creedence leader actually got sued for imitating himself when his *Centrefield* album appeared in 1984. Fantasy, the recording and publishing company for his Creedence works, was incensed that his hit "The Old Man Down The Road" sounded an awful lot like "Run Through The Jungle." In one of the most nonsensical music business disputes since Colin Peterson sued the brothers Gibb for the rights to the name "Bee Gees", Fogerty was forced to (successfully) defend his right to call upon his own creative core at any time.

For those a little short of inspiration who don't want to run the risk of ending up in court, plundering the classics is a time-honored means of coming up with powerful melodies. Elvis scored some of his biggest hits by going down this road. The 20 million-selling "It's Now Or Never" was just a pop treatment of the Italian operatic standard "O Sole Mio" (with writer credits claimed by Aaron Schroeder and Wally Gold). The five million-selling "Surrender" used another piece of Italian opera, "Torna A Sorrento (Come Back To Sorrento)" from 1911. The King then pulled off a hat-

trick with "Can't Help Falling In Love", which was "Plaisir d'Amour" by 18th Century composer Giovanni Martini.

In 1965, Black girl group The Toys spent three weeks at number two in America with a seductive piece of pretty pop called "A Lover's Concerto." Those with children learning the piano will know it better as Bach's Minuet in G. Two years later, the mystical Procol Harum created a new classic for the ages with "A Whiter Shade Of Pale," which just happened to be based around Bach's Suite No. 3 in D Major. The Beatles' "Because" featured John Lennon's clever reversal of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." In more recent times, Louise Tucker has used Beethoven's "Pathetique Suite" for her hit "Midnight Blue", while Eric Carmen incorporated slabs of Rachmaninov in his "All By Myself." Bach's "Jesu, Joy Of Man's Desiring" pops up in the Beach Boys' "Lady Lynda."

At least some artists have the good taste to admit their sources. Steve Miller once told an interviewer that he always wanted to use the riff from Free's "All Right Now" and finally did so in "Rock'n Me Baby." Tears For Fears have all but boasted about using The Beatles' "I Am The Walrus" as the template for "Sowing The Seeds Of Love."

As for the rest, you'll just have to use your ears. Isn't that the "Wild Thing" riff in Transition Vamp's "I Want Your Love", Roxette's "Dressed For Success" and the Hoodoo Gurus' "Axe Grinder"? Doesn't Steve Winwood's "Roll With It" make you want to dig out Junior Walker's "Roadrunner" or "Shotgun" for a comparison? Could that possibly be a passage from The Who's rock opera *Tommy* in the Ramones' "Daytime Dilemma"? Isn't that the opening of Gershwin's "S Wonderful" in the opening of Billy Field's "Bad Habits"? Does Texas' "Every Day Now" use a bit of the melody as well as a key phrase from Bob Dylan's "I Shall Be Released"? And that couldn't be a chunk of the "Banana Splits Theme" in Bob Marley's "Buffalo Soldier" ... could it?

Lifting a line or two has become very much a minor misdemeanor in rock, particularly as there is barely a superstar who has not either done it or been accused of it.

The secret, if credibility is to be preserved, is to steal well. A dab of Dylan, a burst of blues, a minute of Motown — all quite acceptable. However, pity the poor performer who swoops upon an unworthy original; for him derision and demise awaits. The long-gone Adam Ant had the singular misfortune to be lumbered by Rolf Harris for ripping off "War Canoe" in the Adam & The Ants hit "Prince Charming." Some crimes are unforgivable. ☐

The author would like to thank Charlie Fox, Geoff Holland, Vic Davies, David Collins, John Knudson and Bruce Hamlin for their assistance in the preparation of this feature.

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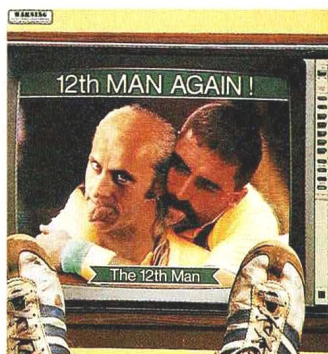
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SOUNDS

THE GOOD OIL

Clockwise from right: Billy Birmingham's second innings; Modern dance feel from Adam Ant; Highlights from the six-hour Mahabharata; Lloyd Cole's first solo album.



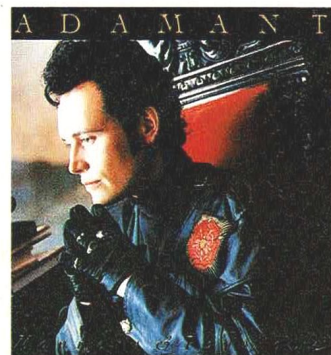
country was never in flames, this is the calm we breathe" (Bruce Ruxton eat your heart out). While "The Power And The Passion" from their 10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1 album still remains their most forceful anthem about standing firm for what you believe in, *Blue Sky Mining* is no less insistent. It hints at pub rock bravado but rarely allows the listener that easy escape route.

"You might say I'm wasting my time, trading my water for cheap wine" sings **Lloyd Cole** (Polydor) on his first (self-titled) solo album. Well, Amaretto to be more precise (at least in that company's advertising campaign). Cole opted out of his successful Scottish-based commotion for famous, cigar-smoking obscurity in New York. In continuing cahoots with keyboardist and co-writer Blair Cowan — a genuine child of the land of haggis — the album is easily recognisable as being consistent with Cole's previous material. Especially with his chiming guitar and deadpan, literary vocalising. The addition of Stateside musicians like Fred Maher and Robert Quine, who most recently helped push Lou Reed along, has given a stronger rock edge to songs like "I Hate To See You Baby Doing That Stuff." Cole's former band served his earlier, more literary style, but now he has trimmed his writing to more direct statements: "You're a punch-drunk sycophant, a little SOB ... your blood's still rushing at cocaine speed." Cole has changed from a young gun with his whole future before him into a man with a past.

They may have been **Living In A Box** but this Sheffield trio plan to come *Gatecrashing* (Chrysalis) into your living room (and disco) with their second album. These champions of bedsit liberation carry on the tradition of superslick British dance music as originally purveyed by ABC and Go West. Squelchy synth stabs punctuate, with the big beat

rhythm section, the pop sincerity of a lush fake orchestra. In "Different Air" and "Room In Your Heart", the man with a name like a travel brochure, Rich(ard) Darbyshire, sounds uncannily like Mike McDonald at his pleading best.

Director Peter Brooks' all-night sensation, the traditional Indian epic "The Mahabharata", played in Australia in 1988 at the Adelaide Arts Festival and later on television as a six-hour *tour de force*. *The Mahabharata Original Soundtrack* (Real World/Virgin), a single album, obviously has only a small portion of the music used but shows off the multinational band (Japan, Iran, Turkey, Denmark, India and France) on a



whole armory of folk instruments. **Billy Birmingham**, the man who penned "Australiana" for Austen Tayshus, fronts up to the mike as the *12th Man Again* (EMI). Using language and sentiments that commentators and punters have as their real subtext, he takes the piss out of a one-day cricket test between Australia and Sri Lanka. With puerile and obvious humor that everyone secretly enjoys, he manages to make cricket sound almost entertaining.

After a few years in the tinselly world of American movies, **Adam** (Bright Lights Black Leather) **Ant** has a solo album penned largely with former Ant, guitarist Marco Pirroni. On *Manners and Physique* (MCA) he has tapped into the vein of modern dance sounds and sentiments — "Young, Dumb And Full Of It." — *Jeremy Cook*

Midnight Oil's capacity to goad audiences to new heights of fervor has always begged the question of how much the message seeps into alcohol-damaged minds. Their latest *Blue Sky Mining* (CBS), however, shows a broadening of style for the band. Live, the Oils pump and grind with feverish abandonment. On this disc they speak more than shout (vocally and musically) though the message is no less political or urgent. They still rail against what Henry Lawson called "the lay 'em out brigade", exploitative developers to whom "Nothing's as precious as a hole in the ground."

They sing of "the curse of the age, what's taken is never renewed" and of the need to preserve what gems we have left ("Antarctica"). The first track, "Blue Sky Mine", kicks in with the sort of drive that The Who used to thrash out "Substitute", though the closing weather prediction ("in the end the rain comes down") is to a churchy post-sermon organ. From the shimmering chords of "Stars Of Warburton" and the thick mist-shrouded backing to "Mountains Of Burma" the mood is dark and foreboding. On the campfire strum-along of "One Country", Garrett drops down in his register to sing with the "hands up kids" rhetoric of "Who'd like to change the world?"

Still, this is not all restrained images of gloom. The band pumps it up for "Forgotten Years" — a reminder that "Our shoreline was never invaded, our



"I'm sure I've got gypsy blood in my veins," says 26-year-old Tabitha. "I can't stay in one place. I love travelling to new places. Life's a journey of discovery for me."

gypsy

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATT JOHNSON



This voluptuous vagabond is already planning her next trip. "I'm going to discover outback Australia and the Red Centre. I've always been fascinated by Ayers Rock and I'm dying to climb it."



A full-page photograph of a woman with long dark hair and bangs, lying on her back on a wooden bench. She is wearing a black, short-sleeved, draped dress and long black gloves. Her legs are raised and bent at the knees, with her feet pointing towards the top left corner. She has a small, sparkling brooch pinned to her hair on the left side of her head. The background shows a wooden wall and a potted plant. The lighting is warm and indoor.

"The only drawback with a nomadic lifestyle is it's hard to find your roots," says Tabitha. "It's impossible to have a lasting postcard relationship. I'd love to find a travelling companion who enjoys exploring as much as I do."



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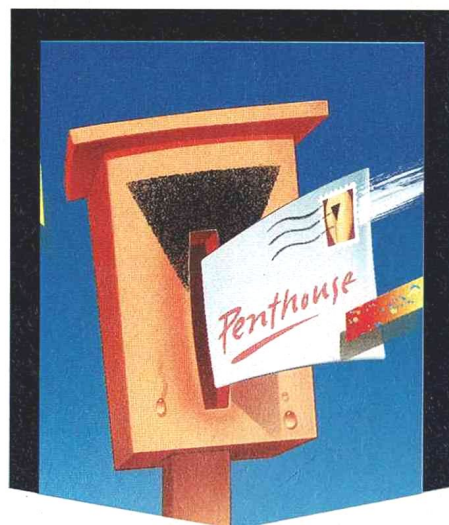
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Continued from page 12

turned her willing body, placing her on her stomach with her face conveniently near Rachel's hungry pussy. As Mindy began to eagerly lick my wife's dripping cunt, I kneeled behind her and jammed my cock up her as far as it would go. I was like a wild man, crying out incoherent sounds of pleasure, as I gripped Mindy's arse between my hand and shoved my cock over and over into her throbbing cunt. Rachel was on her back, legs raised high, her hand pulling them wide at the knees. Mindy lapped hun-

grily at Rachel's swollen pussy, sucking at the lips, circling around and then nibbling her clit. Rachel began to buck and then screamed at the top of her lungs as she came to a shattering climax that seemed to go on and on. Pushed over the edge by the sight of her orgasm, I quickened my thrusts and, with a sudden agonising lurch, exploded into Mindy with burst after burst of hot come.

The night did not end there, but that's enough to give you an idea of our newfound joy. Mindy visits almost every weekend now, and we often play out fantasies with each other. It's a most fulfilling relationship that I hope will endure. — *Name and address withheld*

Horsin' around

I'm a guy who's worked with racehorses on racetracks for many years. I'm a little over six feet and between overseeing a racing stable seven days a week and playing a bit of touch, I keep in good shape. Up until very recently, I would describe my sexual relations with women as unspectacular. I had always had my share, but I lacked any single experience I could rank above the rest. This situation changed last April.

During the winter months, my boss usually sends me to work in a warmer climate. The best part of the year takes place before he comes north to join me. I'm on my own, and there isn't much racing going on. It's my one good chance to relax and take it

easy in the course of an otherwise hectic job. Despite the relaxed schedule, I usually have to hire some extra help. This last year I hired an exercise rider named Mabel who came to the stables looking for work. I asked her to come back the next morning, not really thinking much about it, but she was destined to make this winter a very memorable one.

First thing the next morning I sent her out on a horse to jog in the dark. When she returned the dawn had just broken, and for the first time I noticed how extraordinary she was. She had a good seat on a horse. She couldn't have been more than 19, but her small, tight body gave the impression of more mature discipline and control. Her face was tanned and lightly freckled, framed by a border of red hair she had carefully tucked beneath her riding helmet. Her breasts did not look large beneath her T-shirt, but they were clearly well-made and proportionate to the rest of her small anatomy. Beneath riding chaps, her jeans formed a rough second skin over her strong arse and legs. I followed her out to the track when she went to jog the next horse. From the rail I watched breathlessly as she posted in the saddle, casting her fine arse into the air as her tits bounced gracefully over the neck of the horse. As the morning progressed it grew hotter. Before we had gotten the last of the horses out, her nipples had become visible beneath her cotton shirt and the sweat and dust that clung to the fabric. Inside her jeans

she was also perspiring. Watching her ride, I got the definite impression that her damp jeans were not solely the result of the heat.

By 9.30am we came to the last horse. As I boosted her up into the saddle, she dragged the damp inside of her left thigh across my palm and forearm. She surprised me with a devious smile when I inconspicuously paused to inhale her fragrance from my hand. I led her out to the track on foot — the board in my jeans was making it harder and harder to walk. This time we wanted a bit of speed, so I brought the stopwatch. "Fast but not too fast," I told her. She backed the horse up and drove to the wire, her tight perspiring body rising and falling over the animal through the stretch. She had gone way too fast, which broke some of the tension in my pants. As she rode up to me, I yelled, "What are you trying to do, ruin that horse?" I went back to the stable to find a vet.

The vet gave the horse a shot. I walked back to the tack room, anxious to give the boss the news and get it out of the way. Mabel was still there, standing quietly by the door and cleaning a bridle. I brushed past without a word to get to the phone. The boss took the news like a total arsehole, asking, "What was I doing using a new girl to breeze a horse?" — shit like that. I looked up from the phone as he continued to rant, and I couldn't help smiling at Mabel. Somehow I didn't want her to feel bad about it. My mind wandered from the boss's self-

righteous recriminations and back to her body. She stood there, crusted with sweat and dust, her damp body outlined beneath her clothes, sheepishly returning my smile. I grew uncomfortable in my jeans again.

When I turned to hang up the phone, she caught me off balance by pulling the door closed and walking straight up to give me a little hug. At first I reached my arms around her sweaty, musky body to comfort her, but then I proceeded to rub the damp cotton at the back of her T-shirt, massaging the place where her bra straps should have been. I rested her head against my chest and felt the friction of her fantastic little tits against my stomach. She began to rub my stiffened cock against her athletic belly. We could hear the grooms joking as they finished up with their horses outside in the yard. She didn't seem to mind and started to struggle with the buttons on my jeans. I grew impatient as she punished my trapped meat beneath the fabric by crudely fumbling at the buttons with her tiny hands. Finally, I released myself into the humid air of the closed tack room. She fell on me at once with her cool tongue. I took a moment to look down to where she hovered above the dirty floor. Her passionate green eyes rolled in her head as she shifted me in her small mouth, unable to take more than a little at a time. I could clearly see down the front of her shirt that her pale nipples had grown erect. Her tanned breasts looked fantastic, freckled from the sun and glistening.

As hard as she worked along my shaft and balls, I only grew harder and more frustrated. She began to pant from her efforts, but I knew that her small mouth could not bring me relief. I watched her arse as it arched across the floor in her wet jeans. Then I reached down to pull her T-shirt up and over her head and shoulders.

She was a little surprised and backed off, perhaps a little shy with the grooms just outside. I didn't give her time to think as I pulled her up to her feet and planted a reassuring kiss on her wet lips. She grew less shy as I probed her mouth with my tongue. Realising that I didn't have a lot of time to get it done, I lifted her on to the weathered desk in the corner of the room, brushing a saddle on to the floor.

Still standing, I kept my tongue working across the inside of her mouth while tearing at the snaps on her jeans. Once I had her jeans open, I worked them down her legs with some difficulty — the damp, tight-fitting fabric balled up on her legs just above her boots. I took my tongue from her mouth long enough to remove one of the boots, and left her jeans and underwear entwined in an inextricable mess around one leg. Then I parted her legs to reveal her red-haired jewel, gently pressing above her soaking entrance with two fingers while I kept the centre of my discomfort a few inches away. Something in her eyes told me to slow down. I paused to bend and gently kiss her sweet breasts while continuing to rub her



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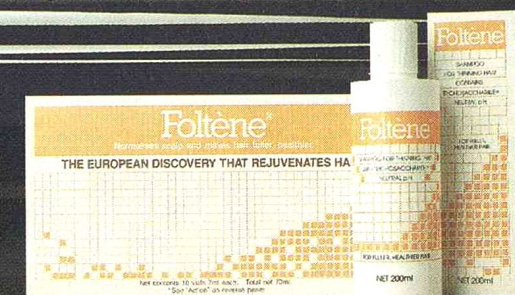
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sensed my arousal and motioned me to come to her. As I stepped in front of the camera, Michael started a new tape.

Pat and I met in the middle of the room. She hugged me, gave me a little peck on the cheek, and then lightly kissed me on the lips. I was already excited to the point that I had to have more. The softness of her kiss and her gentle touch made me burn with desire. I had to taste Pat, right then, right in front of the camera. I ever so lightly kissed her cheek and nose, then her lips. As the excitement grew, so did the passion in my kisses. As we kissed, I unbuttoned and began to lower her dress. I moved back slightly to allow her room to unbutton my shirt. Pat stepped out of her dress and kicked it to the side with her foot. I tilted my head back and lowered my arms to let my shirt fall to the floor. Pat immediately undid my bra, and I allowed it to fall away also. I turned my body so that the camera could get a full frontal view of my boobs. As Pat kissed my neck and kneaded my tits, I pulled my skirt and pettiskirt down. As I let go of the skirt, Pat pulled off my G-string. I turned and kissed her passionately on the mouth and then kissed my way down her body, removing her bra and kissing and sucking her tits as I took off her panties. While I kissed her luscious body, I thought that I had to have her pussy in my mouth right away. I stopped and told her to lay down. Pat lay on her back with her knees up and her beautiful pussy facing the camera. As I started to eat her snatch, she pulled one of my knees over her head so that my pussy was inches from her mouth. As she began to flick her tongue into my cunt, I arched up directly in front of the camera. Grabbing my boobs as I put my shoulders back, I twisted, pinched, and pulled my nipples as I made kissing motions and licked my lips for the camera.

I didn't know how long Michael had been standing there with his dick out — all I knew was that I wanted his dick in my mouth. I had never liked giving head, but for some reason I wanted Michael to fuck my face. I motioned for him to come over to us. He stood beside me, and his nine-inch dick was the biggest that I had ever seen. I put just the head of his enormous dick in my mouth, put my head back, and sucked hard. As I was licking Michael's dick, his wife was busy eating me. When I felt that Michael was going to come, I shoved his dick deeper into my throat, and he began to shoot his load of come. I continued to suck his monster until he pulled it out of my mouth. Then I gently kissed the head and turned my attention back to Pat.

I started to lick and suck her cunt again, and as I was doing so, my orgasm reached its peak. It was the greatest pleasure wave that I have ever experienced. I grabbed two pillows off the couch, one for Pat's head, and one for her arse. Raising her bum up just enough so that I could reach her pussy

with my mouth even better, I raced around her body, kissing and sucking her tits, her mouth, and her luscious pussy. I brought Pat to the brink of orgasm several times before I allowed her a release. When I finally unleashed the beast within her, I was sucking her clit and gently flicking it against my teeth.

We fucked and sucked most of the night. I don't remember any conversation, but there must have been some because Pat and Michael said they were going to try to satisfy one of my fantasies for my birthday. I don't know how or what they have in mind, but I just may have to write you another letter. — Name and address withheld

Gone parking

During a recent holiday, I had the most outrageous sexual experience of my life. It was so wild and public that I have to share it with *Penthouse* readers. I'm hoping someone out there saw us that day and will remember this unrestrained sexual adventure.

It was a sunny but brisk afternoon, perfect for the walk in the park that I had planned. Was I ever in for a surprise. I found a parking spot and noticed a line of people heading for a field — lots of pretty ladies in short shorts. I caught up with the crowd and headed toward a very loud speaker system. As I reached the top of the last hill, the voice said, "I love all 10,000 of you." The field was packed.

I'm a light-brown-haired, blue-eyed, medium-built guy who usually has no problem finding someone. Well, after two hours of drinking beer and making small talk with a variety of potential afternoon delights, I met Joanie. We hit it off instantly. She had long brown hair and the most seductive green eyes. She was wearing a tight denim skirt and a T-shirt with no bra that showed off her gorgeous, perfectly erect nipples.

Once she found out I was from another state she offered to be my tour guide. As I leaned over to kiss her, she suddenly pulled me to the ground, and her ever-so-wild tongue worked up and down both sides of my neck. Then she ripped open my shirt and sucked my tits. I had just met this girl, and it felt good. Of course, I returned her passion, if not even more. I rolled on top of her and licked and kissed her everywhere — her nipples were so hard I started sucking them right through her shirt. We rolled around a little until someone suggested that we take off to the car.

Off to my rent-a-car we went. As soon as we got in the car Joanie ripped her shirt off and demanded that I suck her tits. As I was sucking and biting her breasts, she pulled out my eight-inch throbbing member. Down she went, jerking me off and sucking me up. "Come, you bastard, now," she kept saying. "Come in my mouth, you bastard." Now here we are in this crowded park on a Sunday afternoon — this wasn't a very private affair. There were cyclists and joggers everywhere, but she mumbled, "Fuck 'em,

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let them see. I love to suck cocks. Just come in my mouth." Joanie was an expert, to say the least. Bobbing her head up and down at 80 km/h, she sucked, licked, and tickled my cock like there was no tomorrow.

I remember that a girl in pink shorts noticed us as she passed. She saw it all, but Joanie didn't mind showing everyone. The more joggers and cyclists that passed, the hotter I got. Just when I was about to come, I let out a big "Oh, yeah!" One cyclist almost crashed trying to get a peep. I was going off, and she kept eating it up and then demanded that I take her to the beach and fuck her in public.

Once we were at the beach we started our sex show again. Joanie started sucking me off once again with all the fire and passion she had already displayed. People were everywhere, and plenty of them got the show of their lives. Joanie gave a fantastic blowjob and she was proud.

Two men with big smiles pulled up next to us, and right away they could see the show. I told Joanie about our new friends. She came up for air, smiled, stuck her arse up in the air, and told me to fuck her doggie-style. Boy, did I ever. I pushed my cock up her juicy, awaiting snatch. She came instantly. She went wild and so did our audience. They started yelling, "Fuck her." Even though Joanie was in the ozone, she must

have heard them. She started saying, "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me hard." Needless to say, I was so hot I could barely handle it. I was pounding the shit out of one horny chick. I kept ramming my prick harder and harder way up inside her.

It was time to come, and I announced it pretty loud. Our friends yelled out, "Do it. Come in her." I blew my hot cream into her.

We both collapsed, laughing, into the seat. Just then we heard loud clapping and the words, "We loved it!" I looked up as our friends were pulling away. They gave me the thumbs-up sign, which I gladly returned. — *Name and address withheld*

Champagne cocktail

I am in the military, and with my current assignment, I am often called away from home for extended periods of time. While I'm away I tend to display the wilder side of my personality. When I can afford it, I frequent strip joints and clubs for drinking and dancing. This usually turns out to be nice, but less than exciting.

One afternoon, a friend of mine and I were being entertained by a bevy of gorgeous nude babes at a local "gentleman's club." Later in the day, a small troupe of erotic dancers took the place by storm. These were some of the finest women I've ever laid eyes on.

Halfway through the evening show, all the girls gathered together and came down on the floor with us savages to perform table

dances. My favorite of the group, Belinda, stopped at our table and gave us a show. She was magnificent! Her skin was deeply tanned. She had jet black, wavy hair, and golden brown eyes. Her legs were very shapely and well-toned and her breasts were perfect, capped with giant "chocolate kiss" nipples.

We tipped her a collective \$20, and her eyes flew open wide as a broad smile came over her lovely face. Folded between the bills was a short note from me asking her to stop by when the show was over. I hoped she'd see it before she got back on stage. My friend and I hung around long enough for her to finish her dance. Toward the end of her number, I leaned forward to offer her a final tip. She grabbed the money and softly whispered, "See you again — soon." That sent my imagination into a frenzy with visions of what was to come.

We left and got a bite to eat, and then my friend dropped me off at my hotel at about 10pm. I showered and hopped into bed to have a quick nap. I awoke at around 1.30am feeling quite refreshed and ready for anything.

I donned my favorite robe and ordered a bottle of champagne on ice from room service. I reckoned I had about another hour to wait before she would arrive — if she intended coming.

Moments later there was a knock at the door. I tied my robe and slipped to the door to meet room service. Yes! There was my

bottle of champagne, and with it was Belinda! I was surprised, and as my eyes widened I made contact with Belinda's shining eyes and dazzling smile. "Gonna let me in?" she said. I grabbed her and the champagne bottle and said I was very thirsty. I dropped my gaze to see what she was wearing, and when she removed her coat, I saw the same sexy outfit she had on earlier. When I recovered from my surprise, I grabbed her again.

She lost her balance and we both fell on the bed, my tongue just brushing her inner thigh. I grabbed her G-string and tore it from her sexy hips. She rolled off me and gasped as I leaped over her. I ran to the tray, took the champagne, and shook it as I loosened the cork. As she rose I unleashed the cork and proceeded to shower her with the bubbly. She shrieked as it covered her from head to toe and began to drip from her nipples. "Let's not waste this splendid drink," I said, and I threw off my robe and approached her.

I took her by the hips and lifted her up so that her chest was even with my face, then ravenously sucked the droplets from her breasts. I carried her in this fashion to the bed. She lay spread-eagled on her back, licked her lips, and said, "This is very good stuff." I replied, "Not as good as the stuff on my bed."

I moved on top of her and licked the droplets from her chin and neck. I began drawing large circles around each nipple with my

tongue, savoring the taste of the wine and the warmth of her full, throbbing breasts. I slurped the wine from her tummy. It tickled her, and her taut muscles flexed and jiggled.

I moved my searching mouth down to her sweetened pussy and drank in the mixture of foam and juices. With my tongue buried in her bush, I reached up to knead her breasts and she started to moan.

Her legs encircled my neck and her hips undulated. She reached her first orgasm. I thought she was wet before, but all of a sudden a dam burst, and I was showered with her come. Sweat beaded on her brow and her cheeks were glowing red. I was about to explode as well. I hooked my arms behind her soft knees and pulled myself up into her.

But she pushed me off and told me it was time for her to taste me.

Belinda rolled me over and started stroking my sticky chest. She sucked on one of my nipples and I gasped. Then she cupped her free hand under my balls, squeezing softly. Belinda wet the bulbous tip of my prick with her hot tongue and then swallowed the entire shaft. I grabbed a handful of her sweet arse and squeezed. My lover bobbed her lovely head up and down, slowly engulfing every bit of my tool. She continued pumping her luscious mouth faster and faster, and in no time my fiery wad was about to erupt. My groin muscles tightened, and she realised that I was on the brink of an explosive orgasm.

She stopped her movements and dropped my prick from her mouth. She assumed a squatting position and hovered her steamy love hole over my bulging wand. Belinda swung her powerful hips back and forth, brushing her silky bush on the tip of my rod.

She continued her rhythmic motion, digging her fingers into my sweaty chest. The sensation of her pubic hair teasing my manhood was driving me up the wall. I thrust my hips forward and landed deep in her flesh — her eyes widened. I thought that she might be tired, so I changed positions and entered her from the rear. I drew my knees up high on the outside of her thighs and then drove in as far as possible. I was working on spewing my first load when she got her second wind. Belinda brought her knees up and started ramming her scorching cunt over my cock. She rocked back and forth with her arms and legs in perfect harmony. I grabbed her hips and hung on for the ride. Seconds into this sexual frenzy, my scrotum emptied itself into her — I came for what seemed like an hour. It was pure ecstasy. She never broke her stride and just as my member ventured to withdraw, she reached her own climax.

Belinda turned to face me and I collapsed on top of her. We held each other tightly to regain our composure. After a few moments, I lit a cigarette and joined her in the shower. I felt great. — *Name and address withheld* ○—

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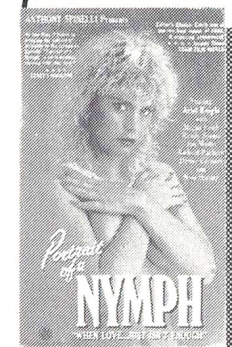
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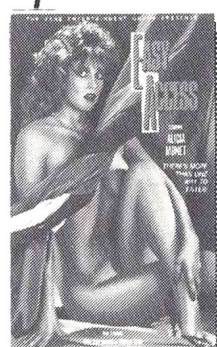
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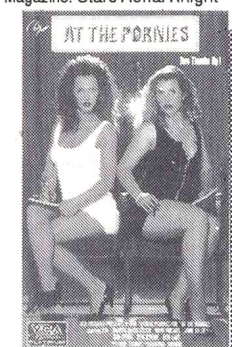
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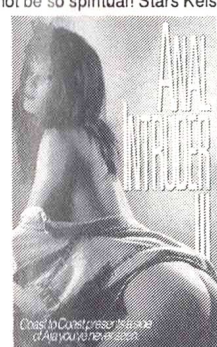
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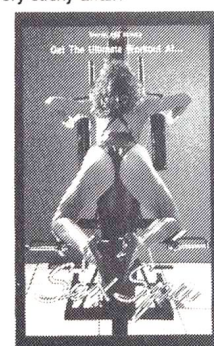
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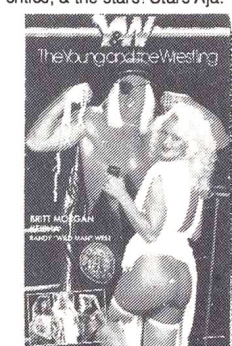
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Sex Spa Cat. 011 Get the ultimate workout at the Sex Spa. You'll learn to pump more than iron, and work up more than a sweat. Stars Amber Lynn.



The Phantom of the Cabaret 1 Cat. 012 He lurks in the dark watching the sexiest cabaret in France wishing he could join in. Stars Barbara Dare.



The Young & The Wrestling Round II Cat. 013 Randy "Wild Man" West is back with the gorgeous lady wrestlers. Stars Britt Morgan.

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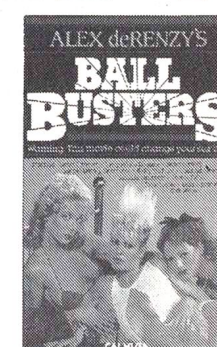
She's A Boy? Cat. 051 Lailani takes a beauty contest by storm but who knows the truth! With this bi-sexual you'll be scratching your head and your crotch!



She Comes In Colours Cat. 052 Stunning Elle Rio is definitely a sucker when it comes to a well hung piece of art. Also stars Amber Lynn.



Golden Rain Extreme Cat. 053 For the professionals there's nothing to explain but for the newcomers this is the film which explains everything!



Ball Busters Cat. 054 The story of eight horny young women who know what they want and exactly how to get it. Stars Ginger Lynn, Nina Hartley & many more.



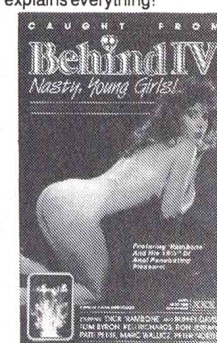
Fantasy Girls Cat. 055 The ultimate sexual fantasy. Gorgeous women who crave other gorgeous women. Stars Angela Baron & Alicia Monet.



The Phantom Of The Cabaret II Cat. 056 The Phantom wants some of the action he saw backstage for himself as an all-star cast paints Paris red hot!



Sex Crazy Cat. 057 Carol Cummings has the fever and with her co-hosts revel in the naughty games and sexual situations as they get off in their passion cells.



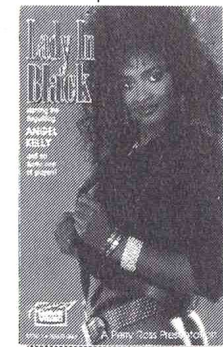
Behind IV Cat. 058 Nasty young girls. A special two hour presentation featuring Rambone and his 15" of anal penetrating pleasure!



Fantasy Couples Cat. 059 The sounds of passion can only be heard within this tape - exuded by men and women for their pleasure. Stars Angela Baron.



Sex Lives of the Rich & Famous #1 Cat. 060 "Romeo and Juliet" gets a new twist as two star-crossed lovers prove that lust conquers all.



Lady In Black Cat. 061 Angel Kelly, the chocolate wet dream come true stars as a mysterious woman whose charms and sexual powers grasp her lovers.



Nightmare on Porn Street Cat. 062 Don't watch this movie alone because you won't want to spend the night alone after it! It'll scare your pants off!



Made In Germany Cat. 063 A twisted tale of double-crossing between brother & sister and an innocent blonde who's fooling them all. Stars Angela Baron.



The Last Temptation Of Kristi Cat. 064 Each rung of the corporate ladder is filled with lust and desire. Find out what people will do for success.



Hometown Honeyys 3 Cat. 065 Tisa & Aja move to the country. Get ready for some hot & horny action as they show those boys & girls how it's done uptown!



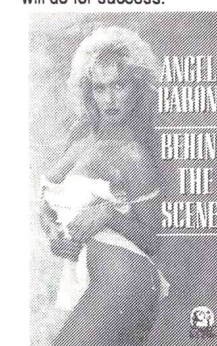
Dinner Party Cat. 066 Each guest has his place at this most erotic of dinner parties. Nobody is left unsatisfied and neither will you! Stars Lois Ayres.



Built For Sex Cat. 067 Magazine Madonna Angela Baron exposes all her fondest sex fantasies. She's definitely built for sex! Also stars Tracey Adams.



Behind Blue Eyes Cat. 068 Every fantasy comes true for two guys in a restaurant just by thinking about it! No fantasy is out of reach now! Stars Sabrina Scott



Behind The Scenes Cat. 069 Angela Baron shows you how she uses her perfect body to bring her lovers' to a gushing climax every time.



My Bare Lady Cat. 070 If you think you've seen everything adult movies can offer...see this movie! A musical sextravaganza! Stars Shanna McCullough.

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Strange Curves Cat. 014
A chance meeting, a misunderstanding, a murder. With the kind of hot action you expect from Award-winner John Leslie.



The Last Temptation Cat. 015
A dying man is surrounded by gorgeous women thrust upon him by a scheming son & step-mother. Stars Aja.



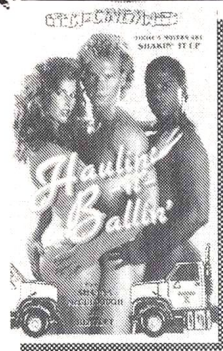
I Love A Girl In Uniform Cat. 016
A collection of gorgeous nurses, stewardesses, cops, and others shed their inhibitions and outfits. Stars Amber Lynn.



De Blond Cat. 017
A vision of a beautiful blond leads a suicidal man on a search which finds him erotic women in exotic locations. Stars Brandy Alexandre.



Power Blonde Cat. 018
She could control major corporations but not her sexual appetite. Stars Lynn Le May, Nina Hartley & Ona Zee.



Haulin' - n - Ballin' Cat. 034
A bi-sexual dream come true. Try something new, wild & way out with excitement with these honeys and hunks.



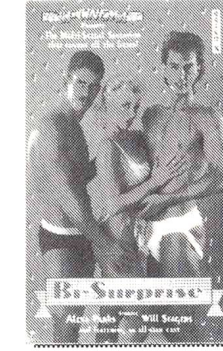
Just Between Friends Cat. 035
If you want to know the secrets of insatiable sex that keeps the girls hot & horny, we've got friends for you. Stars Nikki Randall.



The Case Of The Crooked Cathouse Cat. 036
Joe Thursday finds himself on holidays and staying in an illegal cathouse. Seems like everyone's in on it!



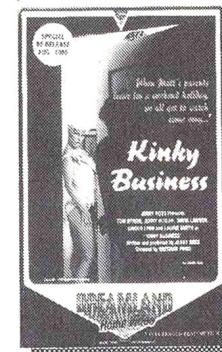
Simply Irresistible Cat. 037
What more can you say about a full length video that stars Fallon and Aja. Enjoy.



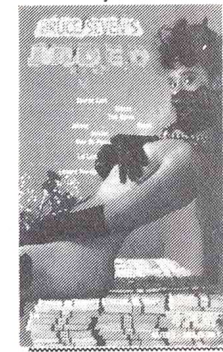
Bi-Surprise Cat. 038
A rental agent mixes a swinging couple, a straight couple, two male lovers and a single friend for a weekend. Surprise! Stars Alexa Parkes.



Future Lust Cat. 019
Sex is outlawed on Earth but a woman straight out of a 300 year deep freeze sets out to make things hot again! Stars Debi Diamond.



Kinky Business Cat. 020
Matt wasn't much good with women. Until a weekend of dreams, tricks & fantasies gets him into some very kinky business.



Jaded Cat. 021
Raw and powerful performances give a wild and energetic video that pulls no stops, and gives it all...to you. Stars Sharon Kane.



Between My Breasts #1 Cat. 022
They use their big breasts to satisfy a man in ways a regular woman can't. Stars Neija.



Butts Motel II Cat. 023
The Bum Bandit is hitting the poor girls of Pleasantville. The shower is no longer safe, especially if you drop the soap. Stars Tori Welles.



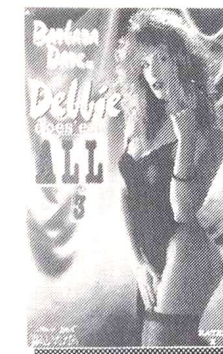
Edge Heat 5 - The Movie Cat. 039
Starring the delectable and irrepressible Ginger Lynn in a movie shot entirely on 35mm film.



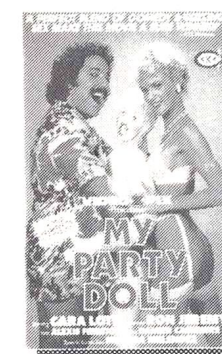
Black Cobra Cat. 041
The nasty Nina De Ponca is at her best in these sexual pleasures. Her friends drop in but more bodies are always welcome.



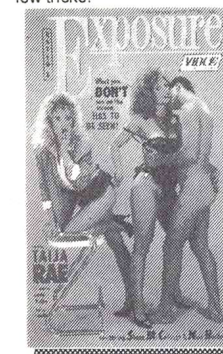
Intimate Inferno Cat. 042
Amateur video at its best! A device that controls women is put to the test with some very horny results!



Debbie Does 'em All 3 Cat. 043
What does Debbie have to do to be "World's Most Desired"? She has to "do" everyone. And she does. Stars Barbara Dare.



My Party Doll Cat. 044
A perfect blend of comedy and sizzling sex make this movie a sure winner. XXX Reviewer Stars Cara Lott.



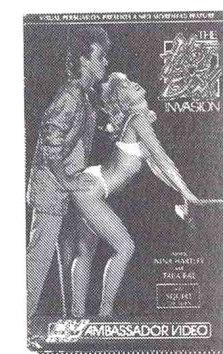
Exposure Cat. 045
Ever fantasize what really goes on on an Adult movie set, before, during & after a shoot? Fantasize no longer! Stars Taija Rae & Nina Hartley.



Sexy Delights Cat. 024
What goes on at those sexy lingerie parties? Three lucky husbands are about to find out! Great for couples. Stars Stacey Donovan.



Three Men & A Lady Cat. 025
An outrageous comedy about what three men do with a lady who has been sent to "keep them respectable". Great for couples.



The Hot Box Invasion Cat. 026
"One in the box is worth two in the hand!" With an all-star cast including Nina Hartley, Taija Rae, & Bambi Allen.



Against All Bods Cat. 027
Two congressman's wives try to get the dirty on each other as they screw their way through politics. Stars Porsche Lynn.



Best Of Foot Worship Cat. 028
For all of you with foot fetishes here it is! With some erotic scenes of tickling you won't believe!



Games Couples Play Cat. 046
Sensual lovers go one on one in this erotic, outrageous tale of skin games and the games couples play! Stars Keisha.



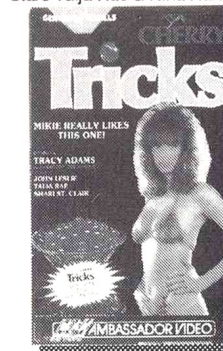
Foxy Lady 9 Cat. 047
The ever popular video magazine starring in this edition Joanna Collins, Jeannie Pepper & Blondi plus an all-star European cast.



Hot Scalding Cat. 048
Like mother like daughter - and boy, do Cheri Taylor and April West prove that it's true as they step out for a night on the town.



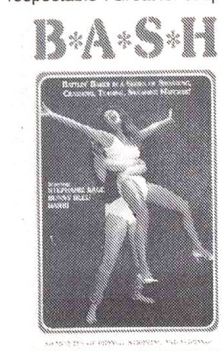
Sulka's Night Club Cat. 049
An orgy of exotic she-male action you won't believe. Featuring Sulka, Julie Bond & Coco.



Cherry Tricks Cat. 050
Tracey Adams stars as the Cherry Tricks Bunny. Cherry Tricks are definitely not for kids...they're strictly adults only!



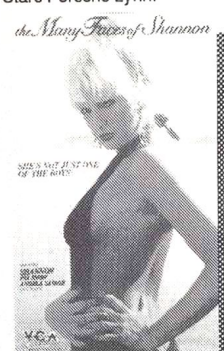
The Baroness Cat. 029
An all-girl rock group are invited to Europe by a mysterious Baroness who leads them in her wicked ways. Stars Tracey Adams



B*A*S*H Cat. 030
Battlin' babes in a series of smashing, crashing, tearing, swearing matches! A collection of the best. Stars Stephanie Rage.



Can't Beat The Feeling Cat. 031
Let Samantha Strong show you ways to get off on her most exquisite sensations.



The Many Faces Of Shannon Cat. 032
See the bewitching Shannon and share her secrets. Including before and after her amazing crossover to femininity.



Oral Majority Black II Cat. 033
Feel the magical touch of the prettiest blondes against ebony skin, their mouths lusting for more. Stars Barbie Dahl.

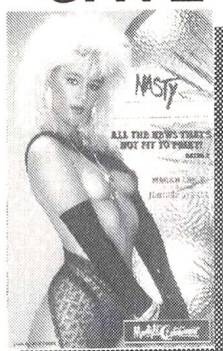
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Laid In The USA Cat. 071 Three gorgeous women travel the USA in an attempt to quench their thirst for men (and women!). Stars Rachel Ryan & Barbi Dahl.



Nasty Newshounds Cat. 072 Brings you all the news that's not fit to print when the boss offers a reward for the nastiest story. No one gets away unscathed.



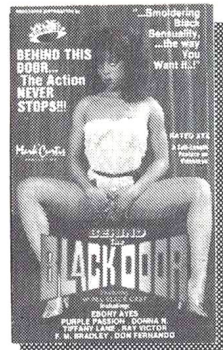
Hot & Heavy Cat. 073 Work out! Buddy the sexually active gym instructor is in for a big surprise. The girls have a red hot work out planned!



Behind Blue Eyes II Cat. 074 From erotic underwater scenes to a classy restaurant which serves as a backdrop for some intense sexual action. It's here.



Those Lynn Girls Cat. 075 Amber Lynn, Porsche Lynn, & of course Ginger Lynn. They'll turn you on like never before & their magic touch is waiting for you!



Behind The Black Door Cat. 076 Purple Passion is writing a book on black sexuality and it is soon crammed full of one dripping hot scene after another.



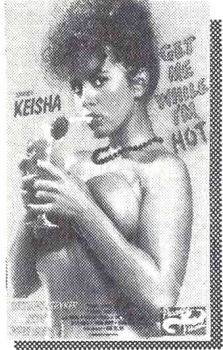
976-Stud Cat. 077 Put your fingers in the hole and let them do the walking. These girls please themselves with the help of the men from 976-Stud.



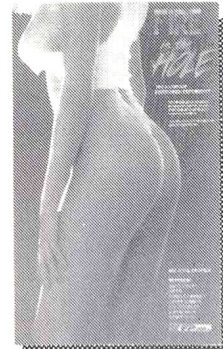
Girls Who Dig Girls Vol. 7 Cat. 078 Your favourite X-rated stars, naked, aroused and doing it to each other! Stars Seka, Barbara Dare, Angel Kelly & more!



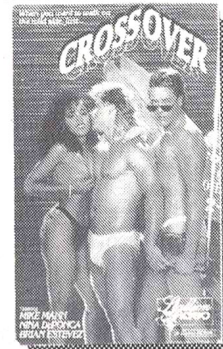
Trinity, Just For You Cat. 079 Trinity Loren is a vision of lust when she dances, and a fantasy of desire when you see her in this all-girl feature!



Get Me While I'm Hot Cat. 080 Searching for new girls is fun when Taffy and Alexa Parks go looking together. You should see some of the hopefuls!



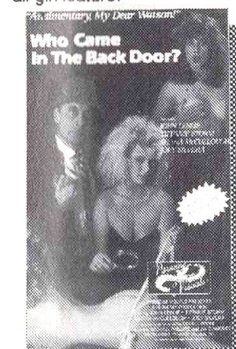
FIRE IN THE HOLE Cat. 081 a Women's bizarre sexual fantasies. Her craving for sexual satisfaction as she wanders from one encounter to another.



Crossover Cat. 082 Sex had become boring. What she needed was to see her man with another man. To make the crossover. He may even like it!



Handle With Care Cat. 083 Once Carol Cummings is unwrapped she is anything but fragile! Watch her and her beautiful bedmates tear up the sheets.



Who Came In The Back Door Cat. 084 Inspector Bones is called in when Bradley suspects his wife has been getting anal sex from somewhere else!



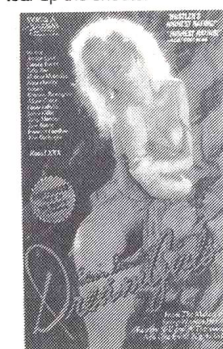
Vanessa's Exzesse Cat. 085 Dominatrix Vanessa leads her friends, and you, through a movie filled with strange sexual fantasy in the best European tradition.



The Best of Bad Mama Jama Cat. 086 Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the bedroom. The giant love machine of video is back!



Wet Fantasy Cat. 087 Sex - extreme and bizarre, uninhibited and without limits. Young girls share with you their secret dreams of sexuality.



Dreamgirls Cat. 088 Each time you've seen your dreamgirl you've wondered what it would be like to have her. They're here now. Stars Amber Lynn.



Back To Class Cat. 089 Erica Boyer is "Head Teacher" as all the students majoring in Erotica 101 stay back to learn the right way to earn an "A"!



Phone Sex Girls Cat. 090 Let your fingers do a lot more than just walking as Samantha Strong in her first screen role proves it's almost better than being there.

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- ☐ 063 Made In Germany
- ☐ 064 The Last Temptation of Kristi
- ☐ 065 Hometown Honey 3
- ☐ 066 Dinner Party
- ☐ 067 Angela Baron is Built For Sex
- ☐ 068 Behind Blue Eyes

- ☐ 069 Behind The Scenes
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- ☐ 073 Hot & Heavy
- ☐ 074 Behind Blue Eyes II
- ☐ 075 Those Lynn Girls
- ☐ 076 Behind The Black Door
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SHE wolf

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Pamela Self, 22, is not as demure as she seems. She may have a face like a Botticelli angel but she has the bite of a bull terrier. "I'm not shy about coming forward," she laughs. "I'm a bit of a wild one really. When the moon's up I can do really crazy things."





Posing for *Penthouse* was just another
adrenalin charge for the irrepressible Pamela.
"It's something I've always wanted to do. I find
modelling nude exciting. It's a challenge I
wanted to meet."





Continued from page 55

Chucked around the floor were pages ripped outa women's magazines and it was these, an' a few clothes, that were on fire. Me an' Brad looked for clues for where the bastards had got to. Troy meanwhile was guffawin' as usual, strappin' on the gash's bras an' shovin' a pair of panties over his face.

"Look! Look!" he sang out, wrigglin' his arse an' toddlin' over to Brad. "Ohhhh I wish you'd slap me down an' fuck me!" Brad told him to piss off.

Troy kept on muckin' round sayin' it was useless lookin' for 'em since they were hidin' like rabbits, that all this time they'd been horny little rabbits an' now all we'd have to do was flush 'em out. We all yelled "Fuckin' oath" an' ran out.

An' there we stood back from the van, raisin' our cans to the flames as they shot higher an' higher. The plastic walls melted an', dribblin' down the door frame, made one of the uprights look like one of those gook poles raised to heaven. Troy, still with the gash's bra an' panties on, was dancin' roun' the blaze like a rock ape. Brad thought it had gone too far an' slogged him hard, right in the face, but Troy jus' kept on goin' for it as if there was nuthin' better to do than dance round a

burnin' caravan in the middle of nowhere.

Then, I don't know what, but somethin' inside the van exploded and all of a sudden there was a real fire; flames jumpin' an' runnin' all over the place. We didn't know what to do, screamed an' slapped each other as we watched the food go up in smoke an' the Toyota get torched like a kid's toy. Troy was howlin' an' Brad was about to deck him properly but stopped dead when he saw the flames headin' towards the oil drums. We fuckin' cried murder. Whacked a hose to the watertank and attacked the 'cunt. But it was no use — the cunt kept on chargin'. Next thing the oil drums blew an' we ran for the dunes.

In the mornin', crawlin' an' buzzin' over our faces, the flies woke us up. We were all huddled into each other an' when I opened me eyes I could see Brad an' Troy had this fine white ash shit all over 'em. We got up. Troy still had the gash's bra an' panties on an' the smoke that wandered round the wreckage had the same kinda off-white color. It felt like we were ghosts; lost ghosts on the moon. Everything was done for; our supplies were fucked, the water was gone and the Toyota stared at us, a burned out skull. The only thing that got off scot-free was the transport of piss.

We walked to the cans in a daze. Brad took in the damage: the bomb hole where the drums had been, the melted van and the dunes, red as the skin around our

burns. Troy was fidgetin' with the loose straps round his chest.

"We're fucked," he said. "We're fuckin' fucked. What're we gunna do?"

Brad glared at him. I thought he was gonna kill him there an' then.

"You stupid prick! It was your idea! 'Burn that fuckin' van. C'mon let's burn it!' Fuck, just what are you Troy?"

Troy hung his head like a dumb-arse dog. Brad turned to me.

"Spoof, you're the brains. What can we do?"

"Wait."

"WAIT!"

The next couple of days we scrounged for whatever we could find. There was still a bit of shit around, a few tins an' that; enough to get by on for a while, but only a while. After that we were well an' truly fucked.

Troy got to be pretty bad. There's only so much you can take of a bloke like that an', as far as we were concerned, we'd taken it all. An' what's worse, to have him goin' round in a fuckin' bra an' panties was sickenin'. He wore 'em like they were some kid of charm an' if Brad or me tried to get 'em off him he'd fight like the blazes, like a wild cat or somethin', shriekin', hiss'n, scratchin' away.

And so it happened that, one day, Brad just got sick of the sight of him. Both of us, in fact. We just cornered him one day with pipes — long steel ones. He was terrified — stretched his eyes so wide I thought they were gonna split at the sides. It was pathetic the way he went down, real pathetic, without a fight or nuthin', just wailin' an' clutchin' his bra.

When it was over Brad spat on him an' said: "Take that ya fuckin' woman."

An' we left him there. The flies could have him.

As Troy bloated up, Brad an' I kept each other goin'. I dunno how long for, since we gave up on time; wasn't worth worryin' about, just as long as somebody sometime remembered us an' came trackin' us down. But then Brad started actin' funny.

He was losin' his grip, gettin' restless. Wantin' to leave camp an' risk it out there.

"Out there!" I said. "And where's your water, for fuck's sake? What's ya chances of someone findin' ya out there?"

But he just kept on lookin'.

"She's a woman, Spoof. The desert's a woman. An' she's callin' me. I gotta go. That's it."

I tried to reason with him; tried everything. Even hit him, but he got up an' kept on goin'.

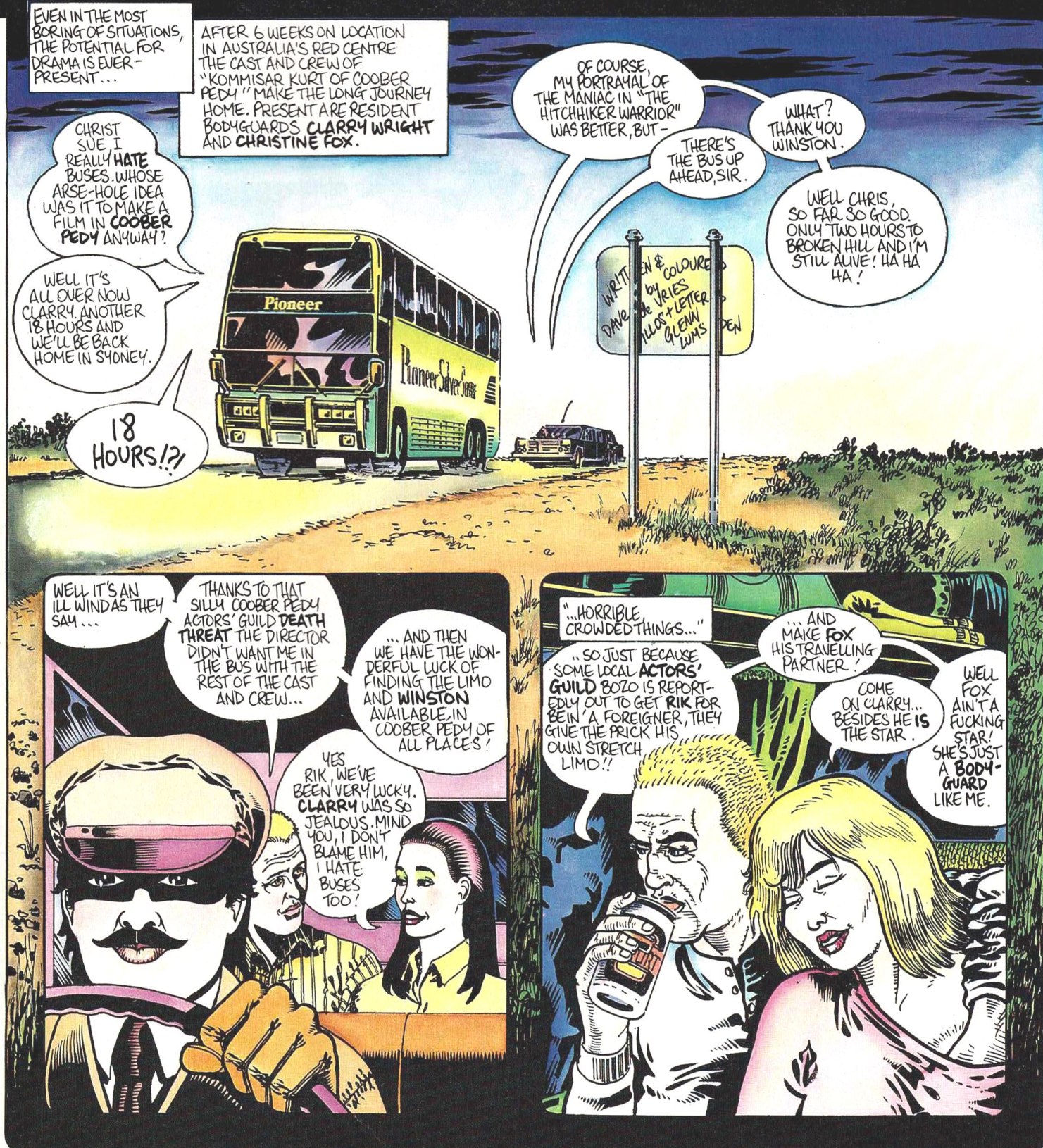
It was harder with Brad than with Troy. Not that he was heavier or anything, just ... well, more of a mate, an' ya never let ya mates down.

He would've died out there — she would've had him — and I was his last mate. His very last mate. O—



BODYGUARD

PART 11: Hitched





...SUCH A GOOD FILM IT MADE ME IN THE U.S. YOU KNOW I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO IGNORE PICKING UP A HITCH HIKER SINCE THIS WAS MADE ...

HEY THIS IS THE SCENE WHERE AS A HOCKEY MASKED MANIAC I BURST THROUGH THE DOOR AND ...

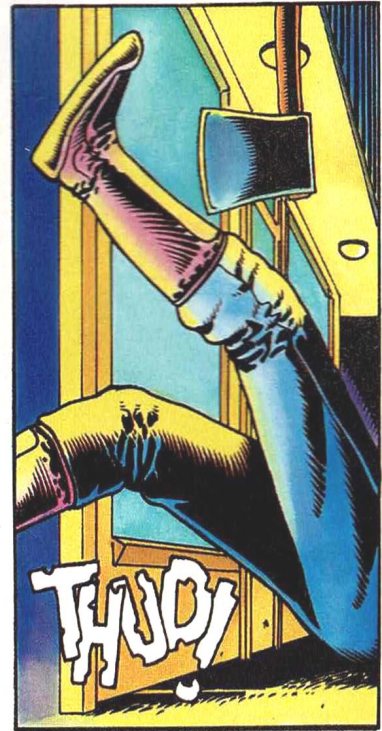
CHRIS...

CHRISTINE FOX ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?

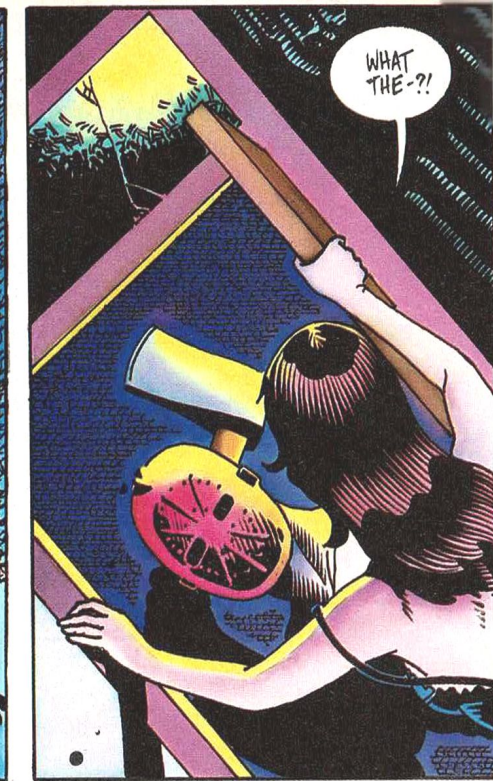
SSSHHH! THERE'S SOMEONE CREEPING ABOUT OUTSIDE!



ONE SIDE, BABYCAKES!



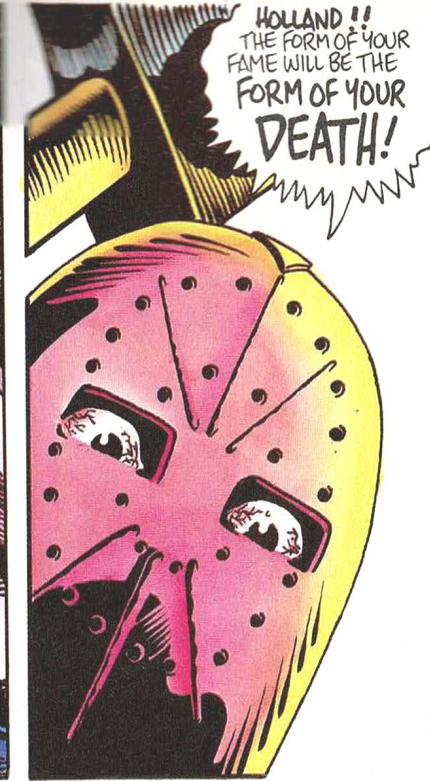
THUD!



WHAT THE-?!



CHRIS, DO SOMETHING!



HOLLA!! THE FORM OF YOUR FAME WILL BE THE FORM OF YOUR DEATH!



AHHHH!



WINSTON!

HE MUST BE THE COOBER PEDY ACTOR THAT'S BEEN OUT TO GET YOU?

DRESSED AS A MASKED MANIAC... WELL I GUESS I SHOULD BE FLATTERED...



...AT LEAST HE'S SEEN MY FILMS.

WELL THAT'S ONE PROBLEM SOLVED...

NOW WE'VE GOT ONE MORE...



OH? WHAT'S THAT?

WHO THE HELL'S GOING TO DRIVE US HOME?



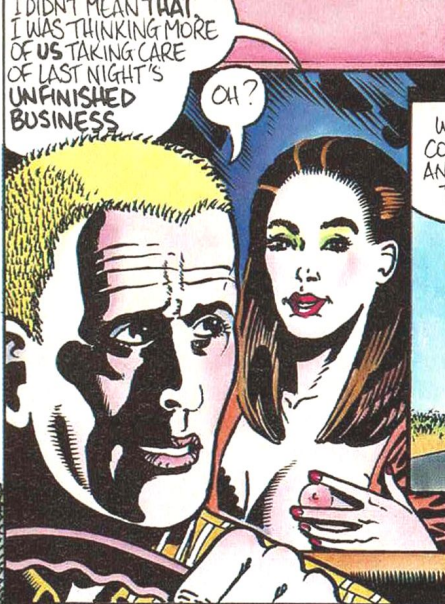
UP ALL NIGHT WITH THE POLICE, 5 HOURS BEHIND THE WHEEL, NO SLEEP... COME ON RIK, PULL OVER AND LET ME HAVE A GO.

NO REALLY CHRIS, I'M FINE. ACTUALLY I'M ENJOYING THIS. I HAVEN'T BEEN BEHIND A WHEEL IN YEARS.



G'DAY FOX4

OH NO, NOT NOW!!



I DIDN'T MEAN THAT I WAS THINKING MORE OF US TAKING CARE OF LAST NIGHT'S UNFINISHED BUSINESS

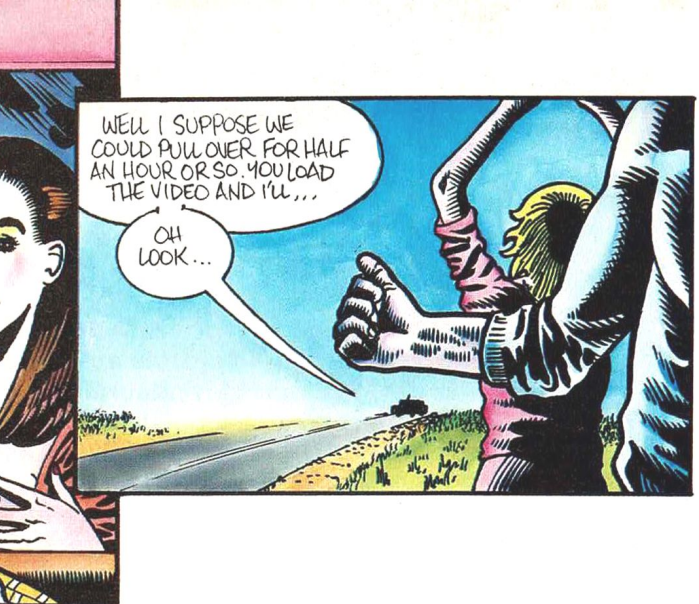
OH?



A BIT OF LUCK, YOU TWO COMIN' ALONG WHEN Y'ADID. WE'VE BEEN WALKIN' FOR MONKS...

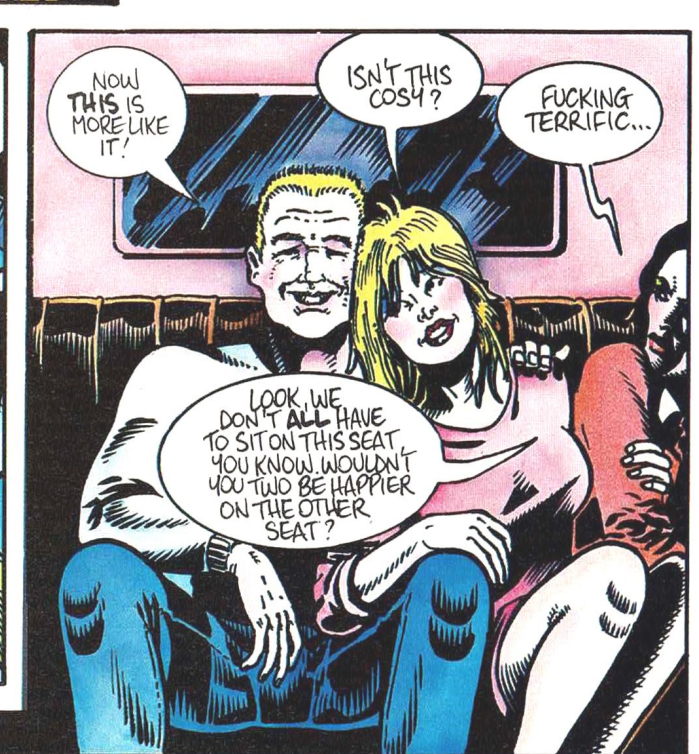
I WAS BLOODY NEAR STUFFED!

SO WAS I. NICE TIMING, CLARRY.



WELL I SUPPOSE WE COULD PULL OVER FOR HALF AN HOUR OR SO. YOU LOAD THE VIDEO AND I'LL...

OH LOOK...

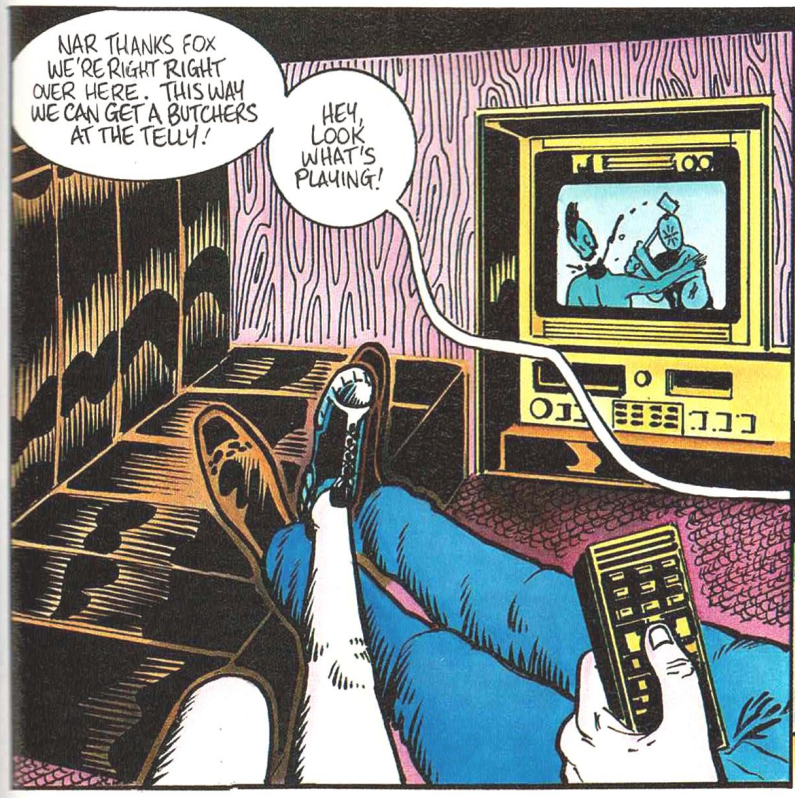


NOW THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!

ISN'T THIS COSY?

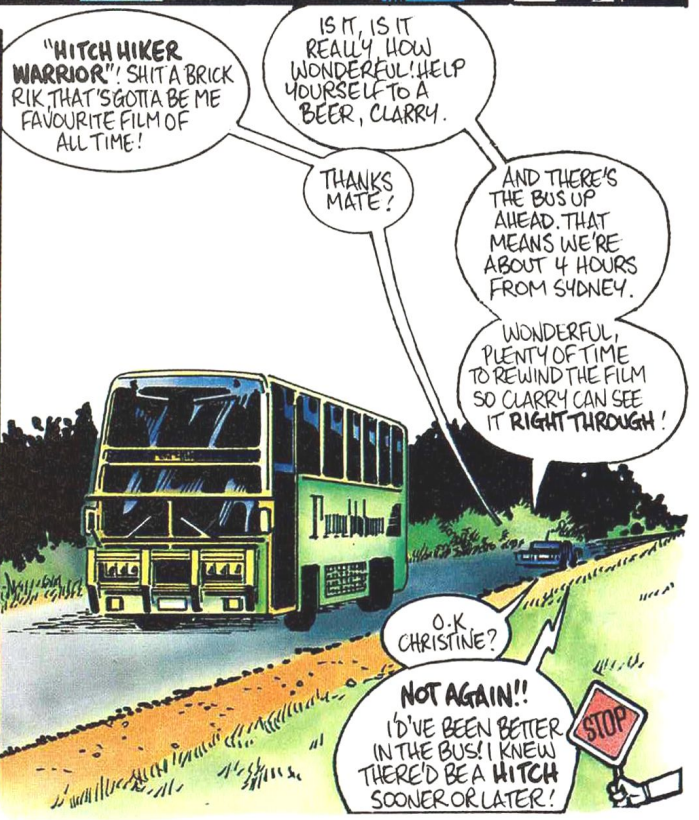
FUCKING TERRIFIC...

LOOK, WE DON'T ALL HAVE TO SIT ON THIS SEAT, YOU KNOW. WOULDN'T YOU TWO BE HAPPIER ON THE OTHER SEAT?



NAR THANKS FOX WE'RE RIGHT RIGHT OVER HERE. THIS WAY WE CAN GET A BUTCHERS AT THE TELLY!

HEY, LOOK WHAT'S PLAYING!



"HITCH HIKER WARRIOR"! SHIT A BRICK RIK THAT'S GOTTA BE ME FAVOURITE FILM OF ALL TIME!

IS IT, IS IT REALLY HOW WONDERFUL! HELP YOURSELF TO A BEER, CLARRY.

THANKS MATE!

AND THERE'S THE BUS UP AHEAD. THAT MEANS WE'RE ABOUT 4 HOURS FROM SYDNEY.

WONDERFUL, PLENTY OF TIME TO REWIND THE FILM SO CLARRY CAN SEE IT RIGHT THROUGH!

O.K. CHRISTINE?

NOT AGAIN!! I'D'VE BEEN BETTER IN THE BUS! I KNEW THERE'D BE A HITCH SOONER OR LATER!

METAL MUSCLE

Whether you're locking horns with Landrovers or lashing through the scrub, the one essential on a four-wheel-drive is a bullbar. Gerry Noordhof runs Old Man Roo, a company specialising in these macho accessories. He recently created a brand new bullbar, the Type 8 Wrap Around, a glistening alloy job that satisfies all the essentials and looks mean. For further details contact Steve Nichols at Old Man Roo on (02) 568 2560.



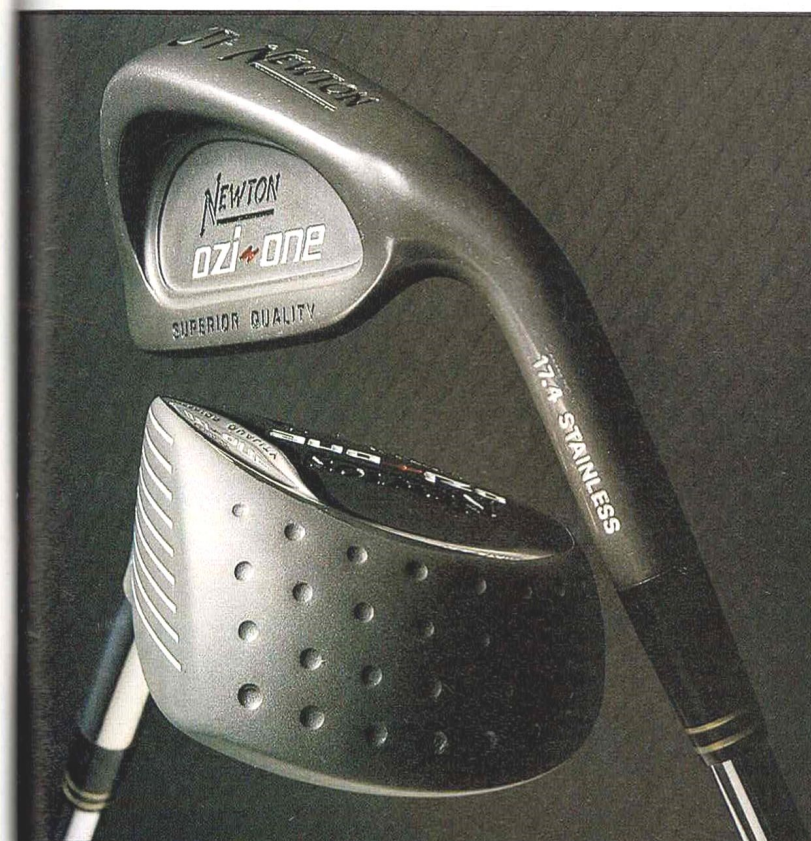
TIMES THREE

Introducing a handpicked selection from the brand new wave of omnipresent Swatches, in stores now and on wrists soon. Oh no, not more of the plastic buggers, you say? You've got to hand it to the Swiss design and marketing boffins, though; they keep coming up with the goods. Every range has a wide choice of both fashion and classic styles, the price is right (\$70), and the watches can take a licking but they keep on ticking. We've pictured the creatively titled "Steel Feathers", "Burglar" and "Tender Too" styles.



ANYONE FOR GOLF

This swinger is the new Newton OZI-ONE golf club, especially made to suit Australian conditions. It's a multi-purpose professional club designed to help the starter, average and expert player and retains the refined, compact, clean look that Australian players demand. Its hi-tech features include legal square grooves, progressive off-set, 17.4ph steel to provide improved feel and added metal wood in a wide range of lofts. It is available in a right hand model for men and women and can be fitted with graphite and boron shafts. The OZI-ONE retails for approximately \$895 and is available from golf outlets throughout Australia. For a list of stockists near you call Newton Golf on (02) 905 5800.

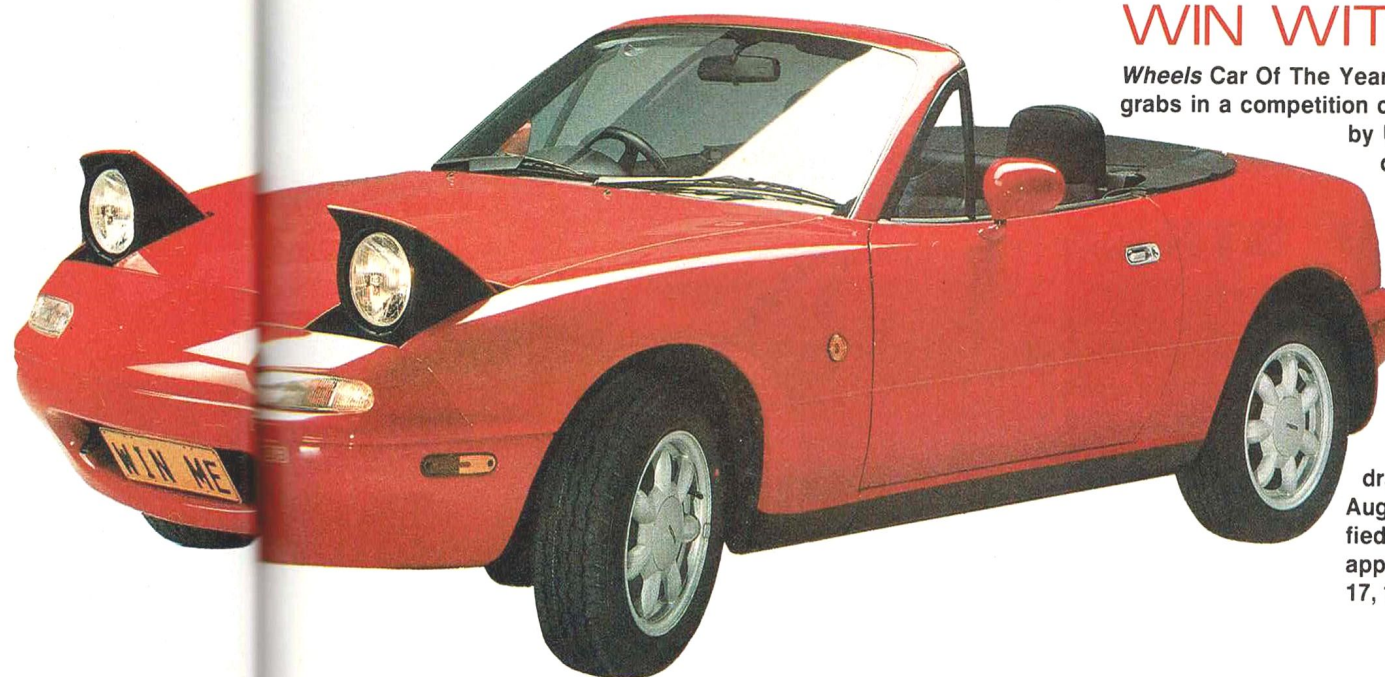


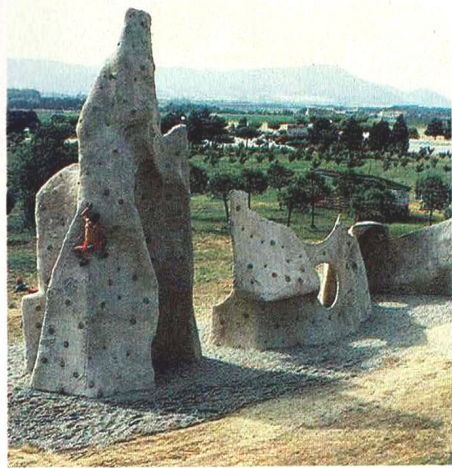
SNOW GLASSES

Bollé have released their new sports glasses for skiers, within the ever popular MicroEdge and Contour II ranges. These sleek snow glasses block 100 percent of ultraviolet light and are tough enough to withstand mountain-top tumbles without damage. The wraparound design of both sunglasses provides total protection from the sun from all angles, as well as unobstructed vision and wind protection. The lenses are made from virtually shatter-proof polycarbonate. The new MicroEdge shields are available in plain frame styles or the Astro and Tutti-Frutti (both pictured above). The Astro features a clear frame combined with a silver flash lens for a space age look; the Tutti-Frutti is multi-fluoro colored, with a graphic design frame and blue flash lens. Alternatively, MicroEdge frames are available in a range of clean and plain colors. The new Countour II snow glasses feature stylish metallic arms with lenses available in a choice of amber or mirrored spectra blue. Prices for both snow glasses start from \$109 and they are available from Bollé stockists nationwide.

WIN WITH DEWAR'S

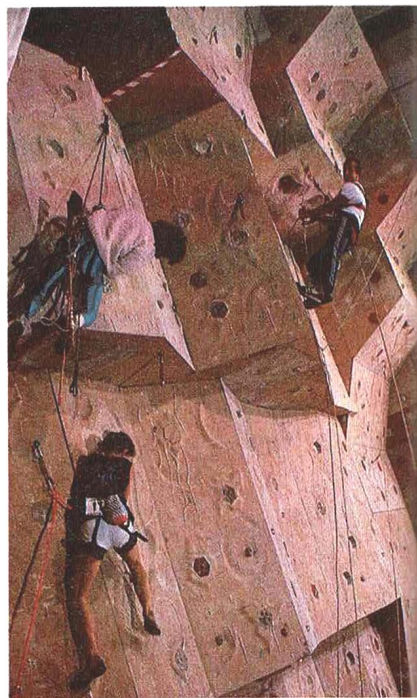
Wheels Car Of The Year, the nifty Mazda MX5, is up for grabs in a competition currently being staged nationally by United Distillers. All you have to do to win this wild scene stealer is front up at your liquor retailer, buy a bottle of Dewar's Scotch Whiskey, pick up and complete an entry form and send it to United Distillers (Aust), 106-116 Epsom Road, Rosebery 2010, accompanied by a Dewar's bottle cap. The competition closes on July 31, 1990, so hurry. The draw will take place in Sydney on August 7 and the winner will be notified by mail. Published results will appear in *The Australian* on August 17, 1990.





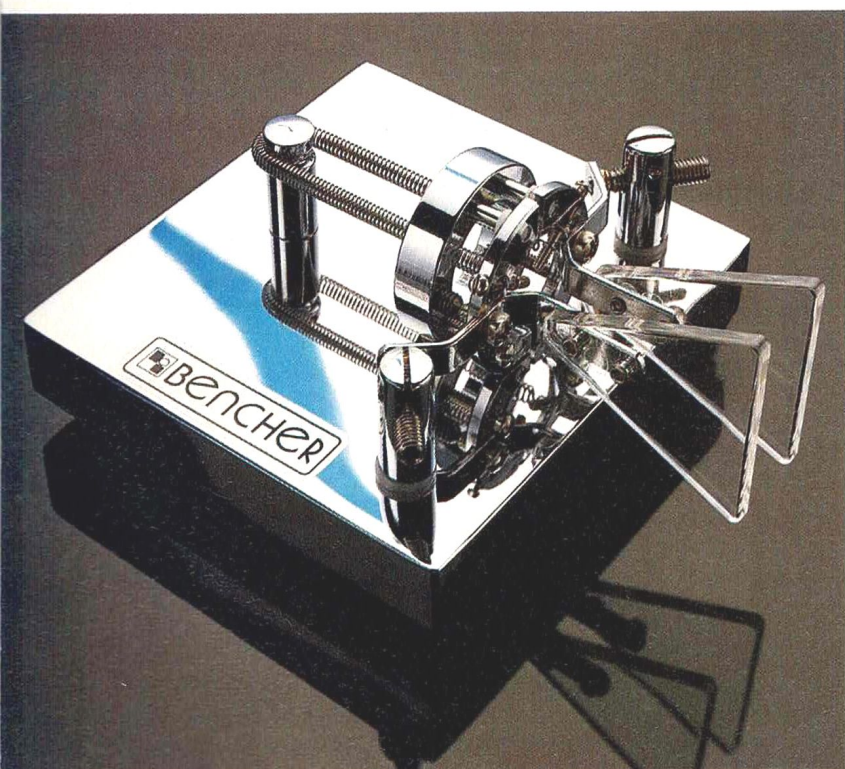
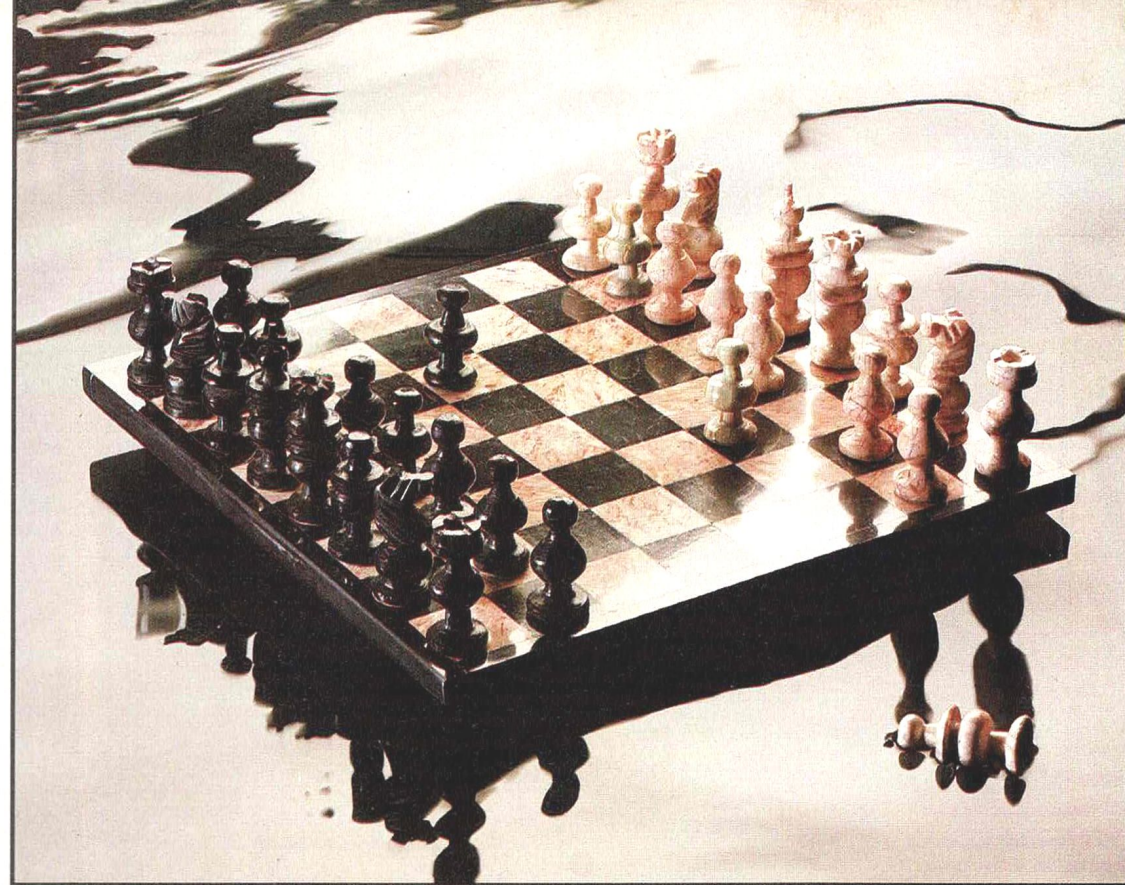
INDOOR ADVENTURES

If you sometimes feel like climbing walls, Spelean have made it possible. They are retailing revolutionary new indoor rock-climbing walls, ideal for rock-climbers who want to train at home or for maintaining muscle strength. The individual adjustable holds which are interlocked to create the walls can have up to 12 holds each, and come in larger and mini sizes. The holds are available in limestone, granite and sandstone models and are steam-cleanable. The larger holds retail for \$25 each and the mini holds for \$12.50. Spelean can design and install the walls for you, otherwise they provide guidance and models for self-installation. Call Spelean on (02) 264 2994 for more information.



YOUR MOVE

Completely handcrafted in Mexico, onyx chess sets like this one represent very good value for the chess enthusiast. Onyx is a member of the marble family, and articles carved from this stone traditionally complement the executive office, the study or the coffee table. Available in two sizes and in a range of colors beside the standard black and white, retail prices range from \$115 to \$150. For stockist information Australia-wide contact Howard Silver & Sons, (02) 211 5500.



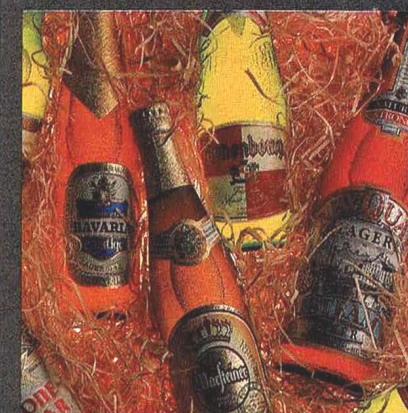
EXECUTIVE STRESS

The Bencher Iambic Paddle is an excellent desk-toy for tension relief, and a great way to convey secret Morse Code messages to colleagues in the office. The Bencher is mounted on a solid brass base, 1.5cm thick. The base is 10cm wide by 9.4cm deep and the total weight of the instrument is 1.25kg. It is available in three finishes: black, chrome and gold. It retails for approximately \$200 and is available from Pro-Foto Industries on (062) 807 168.



ON YOUR FACE

Coolly styled, without going to the absurdly trendy extremes of some sunglass designs, Sunski shades offer all that is best in eye protection while maintaining an affordable price tag. Pictured here is the Sabre Sportshield style with high density nylon sports frame featuring an exclusive semi-hook temple to keep the glasses on your face. A shatterproof one-piece lens provides 100 percent UV protection and the curved shape minimises distortion and cuts peripheral glare. In black, neons and black/neon for around \$49 at leading ski and surf shops, or contact Sunski on (02) 540 2233.



AND THE WINNERS ARE ...

The winner of the *Penthouse* Beer Competition staged in the February edition was A. Patterson of Gynea in Sydney. Mr P took delivery of 48 cases of the world's finest beers, valued at around \$3000, courtesy of Brimps Pty Ltd. The winner of the Pet Of The Year Vote competition was A.J. McNally of Townsville in Queensland. For simply casting his vote Mr McNally ended up the owner of a superb Sanyo CP888 Compact Disc Player.

RACERS

Continued from page 106

Morgan & Banks, Geoff Morgan, is in his other life an enthusiastic amateur racer in the Porsche Cup. Today he is merely having a fling, away from the pressures of business.

The students have made a lunge for the celebrity clobber. Formula Holden hopeful Navybox has slid into Piquet's yellow suit. Obviously he hasn't heard the grapevine chat that Nelson has a habit of relieving himself while he's racing. The Mansell and Boutsen helmets have been snaffled too. As far as anyone knows, Nige and Thierry don't piss in their helmets.

The day is free of drama. No-one disgraces themselves. Luff reports that since the course was introduced, there has been just one minor crash, when a student plonked a car into a wall. "It was on his slow-down lap too. He must have relaxed too much. You can never do that in any kind of car."

Everyone does their first ten-lap quota at a conservative limit of 4000 revs. Just to get you acquainted with the circuit and the machines.

Then the limit is raised in increments of 500 rpm. The lap times tumble, and earnest competition emerges among the more serious of the drivers.

For the last blast of 15 laps, the drivers are permitted the luxury of using 6000 rpm. Everyone tries hard to set a respectable lap time, though some are more serious than others. By the sound of some chirping tyres under brakes, and straining engines, one or two have wandered into Adventureland, going beyond 6000. Luff, whose sensitive ears easily detect engine abuse, duly notes such misdemeanors on the driver's report card. "Gears are for going; brakes for stopping," he observes after one driver downshifts too early, locks up the rear wheels and gives the engine a huge rev.

At the end of the day, Altomonte is the fastest though only by a whisker. A big lad, he obviously isn't handicapped by a less than favorable power-to-weight ratio. It seems Altomonte has benefitted by being a two-timer on the course. Experience is a great teacher.

What of the would-be race drivers, Silk and Navybox? Luff's verdict: "Attitude plays a major part in achieving goals in motor racing. Both these young guys have their feet on the pedals and their heads really together. With some fine tuning and racing miles under their belts, we might just have a couple of future champions ready to take on Ayrton Senna." The appraisal sends Silk and Navybox into paroxysms.

The rest — the hedonists — also go away happy. They've had their fun in the fast lane. 



Queensland's Laura Willis

A QUICK PEEK AT AUGUST AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Children Of The Damned — No matter how hard they try to forget the Vietnam War, some Australian veterans are reminded of it each day by physical defects in their children, and now in their children's children. The Agent Orange Inquiry found that chemical defoliants used in Vietnam were not to blame. Next month *Australian Penthouse* examines the growing body of evidence that Australian and American veterans really were systematically poisoned by their own governments.

Positively The Last Round-up — Once a million strong, the Northern Territory's buffalo population is doomed under the controversial BTEC program. But some renegade helicopter pilots are getting in for their chop before the slaughter begins, and their hair-raising mustering methods are not to be found in the Cowboy Handbook. Strap yourself in for a wild ride next month.

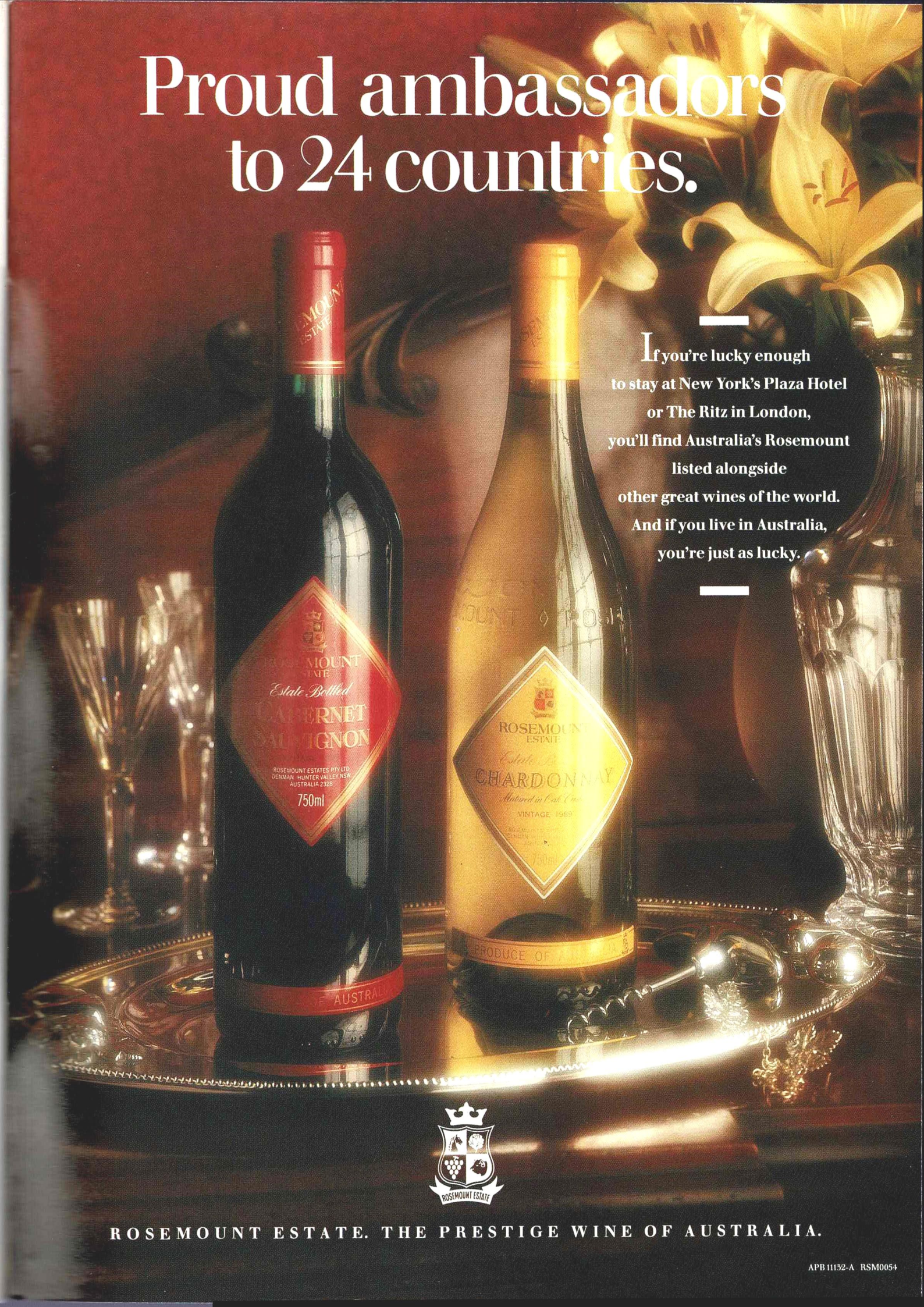
CC Collectables — For some people philately is a scintillating experience, but they probably don't read *Penthouse*. A collectable item that can cause the adrenalin to rise as well as the bank balance is indeed rare — but there are plenty of motorcycles in that category. *Penthouse* sorts the classics from the also-rans next month.

Making Love Stay — "A relationship is like a shark," a Woody Allen character once observed. "It has to be constantly moving forward or it dies." Got a near-dead shark on your hands? Want to learn how to revive it? A comprehensive First Aid kit is provided in August *Penthouse*.

Pet Of The Month — Tawny blonde Gold Coast beauty Laura Willis fires up the August issue in a sensual pictorial guaranteed to warm the cockles.

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'lighten up'

SUPERLIGHTS

1990

July

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August

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September

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